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Cluster of Roses.

1. No subject

NBY

Bullock

A

Cluster of Roses.

BY

CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

MILTON.

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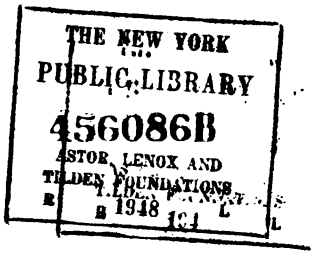

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TO

THE LADIES

WHO MADE HOMES FOR ME WHEN I HAD NONE,

WHOSE HOSPITABLE DOORS

WERE OPEN TO ME WHEN I HAD NOWHERE TO GO,

This Little Book

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

Four of the number, MRS. FLOYD SMITH, Mrs. THEODORE MARTINE, Mrs. LATHROP, and Mrs. HOWARD, have gone to receive their reward. They were strangers here, but they know each other there, and rejoice before the throne of Christ for every tear of mine they wiped away on earth.

PREFACE.

AT the request of my friend, Miss BULLOCK, I have arranged, prepared for publication, and supervised while passing through the press, the contents of the present volume. In performing this labor of love, I have not felt like taking any extensive liberties with her productions, but have presented them in the main as they were written; feeling sure that the friends for whom they are intended will prefer to have them just as they emanated from her own mind, and while making allowance for any defects that may appear, will be agreeably surprised at their literary merit, when the great disadvantages under which their author labors are considered. In selecting from the materials at my disposal, I have tried to secure the greatest variety possible, giving specimens of both prose and poetry, blank verse and rhyme, serious compositions as well as some of a lighter strain, and miscellaneous pieces side by side with those of a personal bearing.

It is hard for those who see to appreciate the difficulties that ordinarily meet the blind in their attempts at composition. Homer and Milton, indeed, have proved that blindness is not incompatible with transcendent genius, or with the embodiment of that genius

in poetry that will live forever; Prescott has been equally successful in the department of history; and many eminent blind performers and composers of music are living witnesses that sight is by no means essential to proficiency in either the art or science of harmony. But how can one who has never seen a ray of light be expected to feel or to describe the manifold beauties of nature? How can he who is measurably cut off by the want of sight from intercourse with his fellows understand the workings of the human heart sufficiently for the truthful delineation of character? To the blind, but for the kindness of others, literature is a sealed book, researches for information are impossible; history must be read with the eyes of friends, and even to keep informed of current events is difficult; writing must be done with another's pen, and there is no opportunity of reading over what has been written, either for revision or to insure a logical connection of thought. In a word, there must of necessity be an entire dependence on others; and it is too often the case that the kind volunteers who are willing to aid the afflicted are themselves not altogether fitted for the work by education or experience.

Such are a few of the disadvantages with which Miss BULLOCK has had to contend in composing the pieces here presented. They would have deterred from the attempt any one in whom energy and perseverance

were not leading traits. In her case, to perseverance and energy was added faith. This, I think, will be found the one prominent feature of her writings and of her character—a childlike, implicit, unfaltering confidence in the good Lord. It is touching to see how, when wearied and discouraged, when surrounded with sore trials and difficulties apparently insurmountable, she tells her troubles to her Father, and always, as she says, receives an answer to her prayers. Thus her weakness has been made strength. When the arm of flesh has failed, a mightier arm has sustained her. To her mortal eyes sight has been denied, but with the eye of faith she is able to look forward into that better land where the veil will be removed, and we may all hope to see no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face the brightness of the Father's glory.

Important lessons, I think, may be gleaned from this little volume. Its poems, the breathings of a tried and chastened spirit, teach resignation and contentment, humility and faith, and set forth religion as indeed the pearl of great price. Few can read them without profit—none, without according to their unfortunate author their respect, their sympathy, and their prayers.

G. P. QUACKENBOS.

N. Y., Nov. 1, 1876.

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A Cluster of Roses.

A PAGE

FROM THE

Book of Humble Life.*

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
—*Shakespeare.*

Chapter I.

The Father Infinite has bestowed alike on rich and poor the power of doing good. The rich may do deeds of greater magnitude, may cause the hearts of thousands to vibrate with wonder and praise; yet the humblest among us may make their names fragrant through eternity, may place a jewel in the crown of life. The power of creating happiness by conferring benefits, gives to the bestower the purest and most lasting happiness of which the human soul is susceptible. Love is God's actuating principle; therefore he

* The incidents of this narrative are founded on facts. While on a visit at Scarsdale, the writer saw the faithful slave who figures as its heroine, and was present at the affecting meeting between the sailor and his long-lost son.

would not deny to the children of poverty a taste of that most exquisite pleasure. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

In 1849, when the cholera swept through our city like a scourge; when the strongest stood appalled at the rapid spread of the disease, which then seemed to defy medical skill; when all who could took refuge in the country, and only those remained who were too poor or friendless to find other homes,—there lived on the fourth floor of a rickety old house in Cherry Street, an aged colored woman; yet not alone—a little child was the companion of her poverty, the object of her tenderest care. A year before, a stranger sailor had placed in her arms his motherless babe.

"Be kind to my poor little Johnny," he said, while the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks; "be kind to my poor little Johnny, for there is nobody in the world to care for him but me, and now I must go to sea."

"O massa, neber fear; while Belle has a piece of bread, little pickaninny shall have some too; and de good Lord, he won't let us starve, kase we's his children—Johnny and I—we's his children."

"But you shall be rewarded, Belle. In six months I will come back, and give you all the money I earn; yet money cannot buy the love my little Johnny needs."

"Massa, de love has come already," she said, as she hugged the baby close to her bosom; "and if de money comes, dat good; but if not, den de Lord will send de bread."

"God bless you, Belle, God bless you!" Tears rolled afresh down his face; he wiped them away with the cuff of his coat; his heart was too full for utterance, and he silently gave his toil-worn hand to the protectress of his child.

"Don't cry, massa; Jesus loves dis dear little boy; he blessed jes sech little boys when he was on earth." The father could not answer. Slowly he descended the creaking staircase. He lingered at the outer door, as if he could not shut himself out from his child; yet he did, for the hardest things must be done, the bitterest cup must be drained to the dregs, and on his lacerated heart the faith of that poor woman fell like the refreshing dew; it soothed his anguish, it strengthened the better purpose of his soul.

"If anybody gives me a tract, I won't throw it away, and I won't sell it, neither; the religion Belle's got is the religion I want, and I'll get it if I can." These were the thoughts that bore him company as he hurried down to the ship, about to hoist sail and be away—down to the hardships and toil of sailor-life; down to the bosom of old ocean; there to bear through weary months and years the sorrows of his surcharged heart.

In early life Belle had been a slave; but the kindness of master and mistress had cemented the tie of love, and when the State emancipated its negroes, Belle gladly remained in her former home. Clara and Eliza, the sisters of Mrs. P., had carefully instructed her in the truths of the Gospel. They had made her acquainted with the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments; and she served her mistress faithfully, for she knew it was her Heavenly Father's will that she should so do. She was also a participant in the benefits and comforts of her holy church, quietly walking in the fear of God.

In process of time, Belle underwent an experience like that of her fairer sisters. A love-dream entered her heart, and she realized it in Henry Black, a stalwart negro then in the employment of a gentleman resident during the summer in the village of S——. Their ardent feelings would not admit of delay; so when winter had covered the earth with a robe of white and crystallized the boughs of the leafless trees, they were married.

"Oh!" said Clara, as she laid the last warm garment in her trunk (for from the time they knew their faithful servitor must leave them, both sisters had busily plied the needle), "you do not love us, and you wish to go away."

"Oh! don't say dat, Miss Clara, or you breaks my

heart; kase you know I loves you. You's been so good to me, I couldn't help it. But de big love comed, and it filled my heart chuck full. De big love is de strong love, and I must go wid it. Somehow it spreads over all de rest, but it don't take it away—oh, no, it don't take it away, and I lubs you all de same. Dere comes missey; she knows what de big love is."

"I hope you may be very happy in your new love, Belle," said Mrs. P., in answer to her appeal; "but remember, God must have your first love. He is your Creator, Christ is your Saviour; and do not forget to go to church. There you will find the bread of life, and peace in the time of trouble, for trouble will come —it comes to all in God's good time. But, if you do your duty faithfully to God and your husband, he will not forsake you, he will strengthen and comfort you— 'He knoweth our frame, he remembereth we are dust.'"

"Jest as if I could live widout de church!" responded Belle. "I wants to hear what de minister says, and I won't forgit de good words Miss Clara teached me."

"Don't cry, Belle; I know you will be a good girl."

"And I'll sing de same hymns we singed Sunday evenings, and say de same prayers, though you's be here and I be dar."

"One God and one Heaven for us all, Belle, remember that. But there comes the sleigh. In the box

you will find a bed and bedding. Miss Clara and Miss Eliza will come to the city, and buy your crockery and kitchen utensils. You have been a good girl; I wish we could have done more for you." She kissed the hands of her mistress, and rode away to fulfill the duties of her lowly lot according to the light received.

Henry was an excellent carpenter, and readily found employment. The family of Mr. P. returned to the routine of home duties and social pleasures.

Three years went by. One morning, as Henry was hastening to his work, questioning within himself why he was not a father, since those later married had been blessed with little ones to give and receive love, and he knew Belle would make such a good mother, he was almost tempted to murmur. They had been talking over their disappointed hopes, and he went to his employment with a heavy heart. Suddenly the scaffolding on which he was standing gave way, he fell, and was carried to his home. It was found that, besides a contusion on the head, more serious injuries had been inflicted. He was never able to resume work.

"Honey," said Belle to him one day, as he lay mourning his helplessness, "now I sees why God has not given us little ones—kase you need all my love and care; then there's no pickaninny to be afeard for."

"But it grieves me," was Henry's reply, "to think

that I must be a burden to you, when I meant to be your support."

"Neber mind, honey; you's got friends, and I's got hands, and dey can work."

"And must I lie here, and see you toiling for my bread?"

"But, honey, you can read de good book, and feed my soul while I feeds your body; for you knows de soul gets hungry jest like de body. Now, dat's a fair bargain, and don't tink you's any burden to me."

Belle, being a good laundress, found more work than strong hands and willing heart could do; so they got on comfortably, assisted by the timely aid of those who knew their worth, the sweetness of the faith that illumined and solaced these humble followers of the Lamb. His body was fed by the labor of her hands, and her soul was refreshed by the dew of God's blessing, which always follows a prayerful hearing of his word.

Time, which rends the strongest links of affection, brought Henry to the threshold of death. "Can it be," said he, as he lay on the bed of suffering, "that five years have been told since the fearful morning that witnessed my murmuring thoughts, when the hand of the Lord was laid upon me in blessing, not in anger? I now see how gracious he is in what he withholds."

"Henry, dese have been de blessedest days in all

our lives, kase I has you wid me all de time; and when I gits tired, den we sing and you reads de Bible, and dat rests me."

"These have not been tedious days to me," answered Henry, "for they have been fraught with God's blessing, and sweetened with your love."

"Honey, don't you tink God would let you stay a little longer, if I would pray all day and all night? Kase you knows, when de disciples prayed, de Lord opened de door and let Peter out; and, honey, I can't live widout you."

"No, no, love, my time has come. I have tried to bear the cross, and I think my Saviour will give me the crown. He knows how hard it is for you to give me up; cast your burden on him, and he will sustain you. Pray for resignation to his will, and rest assured that your prayer will be answered."

The eleventh chapter of St. John was read before the evening prayer. Christ wept over Lazarus dead; how significant to bereaved hearts are these tears, for they tell us, more emphatically than words, that He is acquainted with our griefs.

It chanced one day that the minister called when Belle was out. During the conversation that took place between them, Henry said: "One thing has grieved me—my wife's want of education. I knew her intrinsic worth, and I had hoped after marriage to have

instructed her; but I was obliged to abandon the effort. Her mind was pre-occupied, and she was weary with the toils of the day; so, knowing that, though ignorant of this world's lore, she had found the pearl of great price, I rested content. For her sake I thank the fathers of our church for the plain wording of her prayers and collects; for when we knelt together, I did not fear that some long and uncommon word would confuse my poor wife, and draw her thoughts away from Christ. No, however prone to the use of learned language a minister may be, he cannot display it there."

"That thought never suggested itself to my mind," replied the clergyman; "but I can realize what a comfort it must have been to you, and I can readily conceive how one might unconsciously use words with which his hearers are unacquainted. But I perceive you have cultivated your mind to a greater extent than I should have supposed possible for one in your circumstances."

"My story will explain it," answered Henry. "I was born in Florida; my mother was the property of Mr. Bernard, an estimable man—a widower, with one little girl, the only pledge of love the pitiless Angel of Death had left him. Over the graves of his wife and baby the willow waved, the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang; so the pent-up fondness of his heart was lavished on his little Lucy. The sunbeam of his

home, the brightness of his being, was his blue-eyed Lucy, as in his moments of dalliance he loved to call her—as he played with her golden curls, or kissed her transparent brow, wreathed with the smiles of childhood; and well do I remember how he trembled with delight at each newly-developed charm, and drank in the sweetness of her infant words.

"In Lucy's sixth summer, Mr. Bernard was obliged to go to Maine, to administer the estate of his brother, who had died intestate. During his absence a malignant fever broke out on the plantation. Lucy had been too much indulged to yield implicit obedience to the wishes of her young governess; when she knew her old nurse was sick, she ran crying to her hut and threw her arms about her neck. 'Dear Dinah,' she sobbed, 'don't die, don't leave Lucy; do get well, and I will never, never be naughty again.'

"'Take de poor lamb away—she kotch de fever. Dar, dar, go, honey—you can't save Dinah.'

"Lucy was carried to her young governess, who was terrified when she knew that her young charge had breathed the air of infection. Her fears were but too well founded; Lucy fell a victim to the fever. All stood aghast, then ran hither and thither, asking each other what they should do. My mother assumed the post of nurse; the doctor saw she was equal to the emergency, and ordered that Lucy should be left ex-

clusively to her care. Night and day she watched over the home-idol; it seemed as if supernatural strength had been given her, and that the words of holy writ were verified—'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

"Lucy implored them to send for her father; but the letter, directed to Augusta, did not reach him. Still she cried, 'Please send for papa, dear papa—I want to see him so; will you send for papa, doctor?'

"The crisis came; it was an hour fraught with the deepest anxiety. My mother durst not even move, but earnestly prayed that God would spare the life so dear to all—the life she knew it would break her master's heart to come and find gone out. She could hardly believe the evidence of sight, when the blue eyes opened and the pale lips wore a smile.

"'Thank God!' said the doctor, 'the crisis has passed, and Mr. Bernard will see his sweet child again. You have watched her faithfully, Emma; now you may take some rest—the danger is over.'

"My mother begged to be allowed to stay, since Dinah was dead; she was not tired—indeed she was not.

"The day following, Mr. Bernard returned; a letter directed to Philadelphia had found him. His previously-arranged plans were abandoned, and with the utmost speed of steam he had hastened to his only remaining treasure. She was sweetly sleeping. At a

gesture from the doctor, he repressed the words of joy that trembled on his lips; he durst not stay, lest the warmth of affection should get the better of prudence, so he silently passed to the library.

"'More than to my skill,' said the doctor, 'are you indebted to the faithful nursing of Emma for the life of your child. No mother could have watched with more unwearying tenderness or devoted love over her own offspring than did Emma over Lucy.'

"One day, as Mr. Bernard held his daughter in his arms, he called my mother to him. 'What is there,' he asked, 'that you would like most to have in all the world, if I could give it to you?'

"My mother folded her arms across her breast; the tears stood in her eyes. She feared to speak; she trembled in every limb; the boon dearest to her in life she durst not ask. But the kind smile of Mr. Bernard reassured her, and, falling on her knees and kissing Lucy's hand, she cried, 'Dear massa, good massa, oh! let my little boy be free! Let him grow up a free man, and I will work for you and Miss Lucy, and never think it hard. I want nothing for myself; only make my little Henry free!'

"'Could you part with your boy, if his best interests required it?' asked Mr. Bernard.

"'Yes, if he is to be free,' was my mother's eager answer.

"'Dismiss your fears,' said Mr. Bernard; 'I will send him to those who will do justice to him, and when Lucy is old enough to take care of herself you shall join him.'

"'That is the best thing you ever did,' said the doctor to Mr. Bernard; 'leave the matter to me; I will find a good place for the boy.'

"Three weeks afterwards, the papers were placed in my mother's hands. The doctor had written to a friend of his, an architect, who wanted a boy to do errands. I was to go to school until I was old enough to learn the trade of my employer. Mr. Bernard placed two hundred dollars in the doctor's hands, to be spent for my benefit, if required; if not, it was to be allowed to accumulate for a birthday gift when I was twenty-one. So, in the autumn of my eighth year, I received my mother's last kiss, and was taken to my new life.

"Mr. Bernard proposed my not going till spring, but my mother could not entertain the thought; she feared that by some unforeseen event the golden opportunity might be lost, and though her heart was torn by the wrench, she would not allow feeling to supersede judgment. The doctor was obliged to go to Boston to attend a medical convention, and she could trust me to his care.

"Mr. Dill, in whose family, through the providence

of God, I was placed, was a truly pious man. His wife had passed the meridian of life, and her brown locks were threaded with grey. She was kind to me, although she had to contend with an irascible temper, and I sometimes thought myself unjustly punished. George, their only child, was two years my senior. He gave me his little books, and when he saw it pleased his father, he taught me the alphabet, for Mr. Dill inculcated the practice of the principle of love, which he said was the foundation-stone of religion.

"Perhaps you would like to know what my home was like. The neat white house, with green blinds, stood a little back from the road, shaded by a mountain ash. As you entered the gate, a narrow path, bordered with box and redolent with flowers, brought you to the door; the stoop had seats facing each other. More precious than the dews of Hermon is the memory of that porch; for there, on each Lord's Day, the young lips of George distilled into my soul the truths of eternal life.

"Do not imagine from this that George was one of your sad, serious, long-faced boys; on the contrary, he was among the wildest and most mischievous of children. In every prank he was the leader; but Mr. Dill had impressed on his mind the precept of the wise man, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;' and when the Lord's Day came, George

would as soon have thought of throwing himself into the fire as playing; religion, being the business of the day, absorbed all other considerations in this well-regulated family. The task of instruction gave him a higher idea of his own responsibility, and early initiated him in the secret of doing good. Religion is love in embryo, love developing, love perfected; it springs from the fount of love—pure, undefiled love—the essence of God himself; and even in our days of fasting the radiance of that love diffuses itself through the sin-stricken soul, till the bitter waters of repentance are sweetened by the infusion of a still and holy joy.

"In the rear of the house were two horse-chestnuts, whose branches met and formed a perfect shade; beyond was the garden, in which I have spent many happy hours; for a peculiar pleasure springs from the development of nature, especially when the seeds have been planted by one's own hand.

"From time to time I heard from my mother. At last a letter came from the doctor, telling me that for her there were no more tears, no more sighing; and soon after he informed me that Lucy had been placed in a boarding-school at Boston. When circumstances prevented my going to school, George not only lent me books, but heard the lessons which I found time during the long winter evenings to study. It was not till George entered college that I realized all he had

been to me, but I trust that the seeds then planted in my heart will bear fruit in eternity.

"At the expiration of my apprenticeship, Mr. Bernard, who was staying with a friend in Augusta, wished to travel for the re-establishment of his health. A desire to become acquainted with places and scenes about which I had read, induced me to enter his service.

"From Mr. Bernard I learned it was Lucy's soft hand that closed my mother's eyes and scattered the first flowers over her grave. I remained with him till circumstances rendered a return to the South a necessity. One of his college chums, with whom he spent a few days, wanted a man to work in his garden. I took the place, and retained it till my marriage."

CHAPTER II.

A few days after the conversation related in the last chapter, the dying Christian expressed a desire to taste the memorials of his Saviour's dying love; so the stand was covered with a snowy napkin, in readiness for the consecrated elements. Henry was supported in his arm-chair. Two female friends were seated near him, when the minister entered—but not alone; a man with a frank, open countenance, brown eyes, and black hair, was his companion.

"Henry, can you bear a surprise?" asked the minister.

"Yes, all is from the Lord," was the reply.

The gentleman stepped up and took his hand; Henry recognized the boy-teacher of his childhood. "Father," he cried, "I thank thee that thou didst hear my prayer!"

"Did you indeed pray for my coming?" asked his visitor.

"Yes," replied Henry; "that was my earnest, though unexpressed wish, and I told it only to Jesus."

"How remarkable!" exclaimed the gentleman; and then turning to the minister, he added, "I was so strongly impressed that I must go to Mrs. Haven's, where I met you, while on my way to the Oratorio of the Messiah, that I felt constrained to forego my original purpose and obey the admonition."

"Oh! can it be," cried Henry, "that, poor and unworthy as I am, my prayer has been so wonderfully answered by the Lord of Heaven and earth? My soul is overwhelmed with gratitude; oh! why is the Lord so good to me? Praise, praise to his name forever!"

How full of consolation, how rich with the unction of peace, the Saviour's feast of love is, only the dying know who stand on the verge of the better land, waiting for entrance into his blessed presence; and to the communicating friends it is the pledge of an eternal

union, a Sabbath of holy memory. Only eternity can show how the holy communion strengthens the soul of the dying, and supports the timid feet about to tread the waters of Jordan; we shall realize its efficacy only when we recount to each other the needful stripes the hand of tender love was obliged to lay upon us to keep us in the narrow path.

The *Gloria in Excelsis*, at the close of the ceremony, rose from grateful hearts. The bass of George, the tenor of the minister, and the soprano of the women, blended harmoniously, floated out of the window, and little children on the sidewalk stopped their play to listen, as the cadence of angelic song vibrated on the evening air, and reached the bended ear of God. Henry had wished to hear once more this chant, whose petitions were the life-blood of his soul; it needed not the organ-sustaining power, for their glowing hearts were touched by the finger of love.

The holy rite was over just as the last rays of sunlight died. None too soon had this dying saint feasted at the board of his Lord. The morning sun rose brightly, but he needed not its shining; his sun was the Saviour himself. He had gone to mingle with the great and good of ages; in the midnight hour God's messenger had come. The transition was so gradual as not to give the idea of pain, and the friend of his boyhood, who was sitting by the bed, could hardly

realize that the end had come. In that humble room, with its poor surroundings, George knelt down and thanked God for the triumphant departure of his former pupil, at the same time dedicating himself anew to his Creator's service. Belle obeyed the injunction of her husband, and the prayer for resignation and strength was sweetly answered.

Henry is sleeping in a green grave over which the oriole and the robin sing, and the sunbeams kiss the sod that covers him. It was George's privilege to purchase this resting-place for his humble friend, and leave a remembrance with Belle ere he went forth to resume his place on the world's stage. His vocation was not the ministry. The habits of mind which he owed to the precepts carefully inculcated by his father had made him equal to the most complicated business operations, and his efforts seldom or never failed of success. But he was not puffed up by his prosperity; recognizing his God as the merciful giver of every good and perfect gift, he consecrated the fourth of his income to the relief of the suffering and the enlightenment of the darkened.

CHAPTER III.

We must now carry the reader back to the homestead of Locust Grove, the residence of Mrs. P. It

was built before the Revolution, and for many years was the only large house the village boasted.

The last rays of the setting sun were fast melting into the purple of evening, and a fresh breeze was stirring the leaves. Two ladies were seated on the piazza, shaded by wistarias and honeysuckles. In front lay a velvety lawn, and in its centre a large mound, where flowers were promiscuously grouped together. This was Mrs. P.'s peculiar care, and she called it her conglomeration.

"Oh!" said Eliza, as a delicious zephyr swept by, "how refreshing is this pure draft of nature's breath! The day has been so close and stifling."

"And if we, dear Eliza," replied her sister, "who are embosomed in Locust Grove, have suffered such discomfort, how dreadful must be the lot of those poor creatures who are mewed up in the attics of tenement-houses in the dense part of the city, where the scorching heat of the July sun penetrates the roof all the day long, and the invalid, as he tosses on his bed of suffering, cannot be screened from its intensity. I have been thinking of Belle; how I wish the poor old body was with us!"

As she spoke, her sister rose, and looking earnestly at an object in the distance, exclaimed, "Well, Clara, I verily believe your wish will be gratified; for unless my eyes greatly deceive me, there is Belle this very

moment descending the hill. But see, she is carrying a child, and a white child, too; where would Belle get an infant, and what could have induced her to bring it here?"

Yes, it was Belle, indeed. She had borne her precious burden through the broiling sun, up hill, down hill, and over hills again, the perspiration saturating her garments and pouring from her hands and face, her strength momentarily becoming less and less; but when she had been obliged to sit down from sheer exhaustion, she would repeat to herself some verses from the good book, which her husband had taught her, and then resume her wearisome walk. She had reached the foot of the last hill, and entered the precincts of her former home. Now she leads the child; the soft grass will be a refreshment to his warm feet, and afford her a little rest.

They passed the mound of flowers. Clara and Eliza ran down the steps to welcome their old servant.

"Johnny! Johnny!" cried Belle — "don't send Johnny away."

"But where did you pick him up?"

"O missus, I brings him here kase he's got no home. Please, dear missus, let poor Johnny stay. I's not feeble, and I'll work all de time if you'll only let Johnny live here. He's got nobody to love him but me, and I wouldn't leave him for all de world. Don't,

dear missus—don't send Johnny away!" and she knelt before Mrs. P. and clasped her dress.

"O missus, please say de kind word, de good word, and de Lord will bless you for it. Johnny's no home, and I's no home. I know's I's welcome here—but Johnny—poor little Johnny—"

"Johnny, too, shall stay," said Mrs. P., her eyes filling with tears.

"Praise de Lord! Johnny's safe!" burst forth the good woman in her delight, and she kissed her little charge again. "O Johnny, I's so happy. You'll neber be hungry any more. De good ladies will feed you, dey will clothe you, dey will tell you how to serve de good Lord. It was he that brought you here, Johnny; glory to de good Lord foreber and eber!"

Belle's volubility had not before given her mistress time to speak the words of comfort that filled her with such exquisite joy. She had no intention of sending away the little one God had sent to her door; else how could she say, "Our Father!" and expect his blessing.

A new world opened to the child, before pent up on the fourth floor of a tenement-house. It was not strange that his black eyes sparkled with the delight that animated his being, as he bounded over the grass, played with the lambs, or followed his mistress when she fed the chickens and ducks. And Johnny throve

under the careful tuition of Clara and the thoughtful kindness of Eliza; his infant mind expanded, and his fragile frame gained vigor.

Meanwhile the distracted sailor, now returned from his voyage, was wandering through the streets of New York, vainly seeking tidings of his child or its nurse. He mounted the stairs of every tenement in Cherry Street, visited all the localities where the poor are domiciled, and went through the suburbs where colored people live; but every effort proved fruitless, and with a heart bordering on despair he went back to the ship. One day more remained. Again, through the scorching sun, over the burning pavements, he pursued his weary way. The police head-quarters could afford no information. The time was up.

"Oh Jimmy!" cried the agonized father to a companion, while tears rained down his cheeks, "if I knew my dear Johnny had died—if I knew he had never been hungry or cruelly treated, it would not be so hard to bear."

"It's a bitter pill, old tar," was the reply; "but just leave him in the hands of the Lord."

"Oh Jimmy, you've never been a father. He was the light of these old eyes."

"True, man, true! But God has said, 'Commit thy fatherless children to me.' I learned that when I was a wee lad at my mither's knee. My father died, and

my uncle, who was first mate, would have me go to sea. It almost broke my mither's heart to lose her bairn. The Bible she gave me then is the Bible in my chest now; 'tis the only thing I saved when we were wrecked. My uncle was lost overboard in a storm; then, Jack, I had hard times, for boys at sea have rough weather when there's none to take their part. When I knew I had been unjustly beaten, I read my Bible, and called to mind my mither's words: 'God never forsakes those who trust him, though he sometimes keeps them waiting many years. He only wants to try our faith.' My mither's prayers were answered, and so will yours and mine be."

So, during their long voyage, the Bible, his mother's last gift ere he left his humble home in Inverness, was the magnet of their souls. The faith that scintillated in its pages nerved the sinking heart of the desolate father to suffer and to wait; while its words, perfumed with the Saviour's pardoning love, filled them both with ineffable peace.

How truly is it said, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Struck by lightning, the ship in which Jack and his companion sailed was burned to the water's edge, and at the time at which Jack confidently expected to have been with his child, he was tossing in an open boat on the fathomless ocean, only four besides himself and Jimmy having escaped. Jimmy laid

the Bible on his breast and fastened it to his person. On the third morning they were picked up by a ship bound for Africa.

Jack's distress of mind, consequent on his great disappointment, induced a fever, and he found himself sick and a stranger on a foreign shore; but through the kindness of a gentleman he was conveyed to a hospital, where he found refreshment and care. Jimmy refused the offer of an immediate return home, and awaited Jack's recovery, doing odd jobs whenever he could find them.

A warm friendship had sprung up between these two sailors, based on their common interest in heavenly things. When Jack, awakened by the words of the poor colored woman, had earnestly desired to become a Christian, he was not long in discovering the owner of the Bible —the gift of a mother's love—and pouring his perplexities into his friend's ears. And Jimmy was but too glad to afford all the instruction and comfort in his power. They had found frequent opportunities for reading and prayer, which were blessed to both; and in thus being made the humble instrument of a spiritual change in his companion, Jimmy recognized an answer to his mother's prayer.

CHAPTER IV.

To the inmates of Locust Grove, quietly engaged in the performance of their home duties, time flew rapidly by.

"Does it seem possible," said Eliza one day to her sister, "that little John will be six to-morrow? The years have been playing a double-quick march. I have been thinking, Clara, that we had better place him in some Church institution, where he can have the companionship of children. You know we have often mooted the question as to what position we should educate him to fill. If brother were a man of wealth, this need not be a matter of anxiety; but as it is, we must give it careful thought."

"We must, indeed," replied Clara; "and perhaps you are right about sending him away. But we must not lose sight of him; he must still be our care."

So it was settled. It cost Belle many tears to part with her foster-child, but she knew her mistresses would take no step that would not be for his ultimate good. Johnny was therefore placed in the Orphans' Home.

At the expiration of six months, he was seized with a dangerous illness. "Oh! take me back to S——," he cried. "I know I should get well if I could be there! I want to see Aunt Belle."

"It is his only chance," said the doctor. A bed was made in the carriage, and he was carefully conveyed to Locust Grove. The effect of the change was at once manifest, and under the tender nursing of the inmates his recovery was rapid.

When Johnny's restoration to health was almost com-

pleted, an event of special interest stirred the wonted quiet of the little village. It was the Lord's Day; the sky was cloudless; June roses scented the air; the birds were singing from tree to tree. A large concourse had gathered from the adjacent hamlets, and even from the distant city; their faces were radiant with joy, for a hill had been adorned with a temple of God, and this day was to witness its consecration. While the edifice was in process of erection, Mr. Payson had opened the doors of his house, that the neighbors might enjoy the benefits of public worship. Now that the building was complete, his heart was filled with gratitude; nor his alone. To the unspeakable delight of Belle, Johnny was able to walk to church.

"'Tis de joy of dese poor old eyes, Johnny," she exclaimed—"dis dear church; and I hopes to live to see you confirmed in it. Den I can die happy, kase I know you will be in de Good Shepherd's fold, and he'll not let de evil one hurt you, and you'll be forever safe, Johnny."

A few weeks afterward, one was a guest at Locust Grove on whose orbs the sunlight shone in vain. As they led her over the stile and up the hill, they said, "The birds do not sing here; the trees are newly planted."

"No," she replied, "but they will when these trees have seen a few more suns and showers." Her thoughts wove themselves thus into song:—

The rosy tints of morn are bright;
The Sabbath's pure ethereal light
Seems like a charmed breath from Heaven,
To weary toiling mortals given.

Hark! on the still and fragrant air,
What sound comes softly to the ear?
Oh! list again; I know it well—
It is the holy Sabbath bell.

Come, Christians, haste to praise and pray,
Fling earthly cares and thoughts away;
In hope rejoice, while glorious faith
Brightens the shadowy vale of death.

How bland the breeze, how sweet the air!
Ascend yon hill—the place is there;
Surrounded by the evergreen,
Locust, and elm, that church is seen.

Meet guardians of its sacred rest!
Here, little birds, come make your nest;
From the green branches of these trees,
Send forth your music on the breeze.

Each thing our God has formed in love,
Has a sweet note to raise above;
The flowers that in the churchyard bloom,
Are angels' whisperings from the tomb.

Enter God's chosen house of prayer!
Stranger and poor are welcome here;

All seats are free, come swell the song,
The holy tide of joy prolong.

See on the pictured window bright,
The last faint rays of dying light;
So passeth man from earth away,
So fade the dreams of early day.

Here the baptismal font I see,
Whose waters cleanse the spirit free
From earthly dross, giving it rest
In the dear church its God has blessed.

Haven of peace and ark of love,
Saint James the Less still mayest thou prove!
Here may the poor afflicted find
Hope, faith, and joy—pure peace of mind!

CHAPTER V.

The crimson day had superseded the leaden hues of night; the sun had risen gloriously, and Nature seemed rejoicing in her new-created loveliness. The dew-drops were gemming a hundred varieties of roses, and a soft breeze played with the boughs of the evergreens and stirred the leaves of the larch in front of the verandah, where a lady in the meridian of life was standing. Her figure was round and full, though not above the medium

size. Her blue eyes were beaming with pleasure, and their clear depths revealed no story of suffering. Her life had glided as peacefully and pleasantly along as the brook that meanders through the brightest and sunniest of vales; her golden locks were turning gray, but her brow bore not one trace of care.

"Come, Lizzie," she said to her companion, "I will read you some leaves from the record of the past. There cannot be a more enchanting morning than this for the fulfillment of my promise."

The slight girl to whom this remark was addressed was the photograph of what the speaker herself must have been in early life. They leave the verandah and descend the terrace, but stop entranced by the magnificent panorama before and around them. Beyond the river, green fields replete with promise, purple hills, and cragged mountains, meet the eye; in another direction, picturesque villages, towering rocks, and the spires of a distant city. Now they pass the rustic bridge to the little summer-house that crowns the island in the lake.

"A few weeks before I graduated from the school of Madame S., in Boston," began the elder lady, "my father came to make arrangements for our going abroad. At London we heard of a beneficent young American, who endowed orphans' homes, sustained ragged schools, and gave largely to missionary enterprises—who, in

short, devoted his life to the relief of human suffering. It chanced one day that we met him at *table d'hôte*, at the hotel where we were staying. Oh! how I longed to know him intimately; and yet there seemed not the slightest chance of an introduction.

"We spent the summer in Switzerland, my father thinking that the mountain air would more effectually establish his health; in the autumn we travelled in Italy. Not unfrequently would I be told by Americans staying at the villages where we stopped, Mr. Dill left this morning; or, Mr. Dill has just gone to such a place. Oh! if we had but arrived a few hours sooner, we might have met; so I inwardly soliloquized, while conversing with those about me, and seeming to be wholly absorbed in the subject discussed. The more improbable seemed our meeting, the more anxious I was that it should take place; not that I had an overweaning desire to be loved by him—no, I had not the most distant idea of such an event. It was his intrinsic excellence that won my veneration; I wished to take the hand that only ministered blessings to his fellow-men.

"We met friends who had arranged to spend the winter at Dresden; and as the society there was of the highest order, and its advantages, social and intellectual, could not be surpassed, my father unhesitatingly consented to join them; so we found ourselves established

at the Hotel Belle Vue for the winter. Time could not drag on leaden wings when taste was gratified by the most exquisite specimens of art, the ear charmed with the richest of harmony, and the mind enlarged by intercourse with people of culture.

"One day, the brightest in the bouquet of memory—a day so imprinted in the soul that the waters of Lethe might roll over it forever, yet could not wash it out.—I had stolen away from our party, who were wandering in the picture-gallery, for I wished to drink in fresh draughts of beauty from the divine countenance of a Madonna, irradiated with a smile too sweet for the portraiture of words; and, as I gazed, a thrill of devotion warmed my soul. I rehearsed the story of our Saviour's miraculous birth and vicarious sacrifice; then my thoughts reverted to the inspiration of genius, which can give to canvas a living voice. All at once, under an influence for which I could not account, my gaze wandered for a moment—it rested on a familiar face. I started with surprise. The gentleman advanced, and said blandly, 'Pardon me, if I intrude; I, too, am an admirer of this unrivalled creation.'

"The time for which I had so long hoped had come. I was not disconcerted, though I knew I was in the presence of superior excellence; there was that in his manner that put me at ease, and made me forget that we were strangers. In the conversation that ensued, I

was astounded by the wealth of intellect evolved, and charmed with the golden threads of pity that brightened his every thought, and seemed interwoven with his very being. I felt as if I had been in the atmosphere of a purer world. Ideas dormant in my own mind had been awakened; new imagery created—yet without effort on either part; his thoughts were bright as sunbeams, revivifying and strengthening. I realized that there was a goal to be attained beyond the gratification of self and the éclat of society. My friends rallied me on my new conquest.

"'Ah!' said Amelia, archly, 'when one steals away from one's party, there is a stronger attraction than the admiration of genius. Is it not so, dear Lucy?' I was too much abstracted to talk.

"'See,' said Harry, laughing, 'the love-dream is upon her—the blind god has touched her heart.'

"I was too much provoked to join their badinage. The conversation had been too suggestive, and I wanted to analyze the feelings inspired. Again we were under the same roof. Did I love him? Yes; but it was not for his noble physique, his refined taste, or elegant manners. I loved his soul, whose radiance shone upon mine, whose noble aspirations prompted to deeds more glorious than the achievements of the world's grandest hero; for they awoke, in hearts wrapped in the erebus of despair, the exquisite music of grateful joy.

"My father invited Mr. Dill to make one of our party whenever it should suit his convenience or inclination. We never let an opportunity for converse pass unimproved, for my soul received sustenance from his. Did his soul receive aught from mine? This was the question I propounded to myself, and I could not but feel that there was a reciprocity of benefit according to the requirements of each.

"Our friends allowed our rambles in each other's company to pass without observation, for they soon found that teasing caused no embarrassment. We thought of nothing beyond this sweet intercourse; we knew our love to be reciprocal, though no word of love had yet been spoken. Occasionally we used to meet in the breakfast-room, before our party came down, and watched the boats as they glided over the river, or opened the glass doors to inhale the perfumes of spring.

"I was awakened from this happy dream one day by words of my father, which jarred painfully on my ear. 'It is time,' said he, 'that we resume our travels. We will spend the summer in Wales and Scotland, and visit, if you wish, the Isle of Wight; then go to Paris and prepare for our return home.'

"Must the dream dissolve? No; my father had sketched his plans, but we might yet be together. That evening we walked out. The moon was riding

through the heavens, sparkling on the waters, tinting vineyards, hills, and valleys with its radiance, but its beams were eclipsed by the light of soul-love which shone so brightly that the darkest night would have been beautiful to me.

"'Do you know,' said I, 'that we leave Dresden very soon?'

"'Yes, but we need not part,' was the reply. 'Soul speaks to soul, though ocean roll between; the severance of the visible only unites more strongly the invisible; yet I would have you always near me.'

"'Would you indeed miss me, then? Would not the mutual love that animates our souls compensate for my absence?'

"'That, indeed, is a wealth of comfort; but your actual presence, dear Lucy, would be a joy beyond the power of worlds to impart. I need the voice whose tones are potent to heal the most aggravated wounds. I need that smile whose sweetness is the solace of life's darkest hours. Your approval will be the highest reward of my actions.'

"'But I am so inefficient, so insignificant, in comparison with you. If I could be a help to you, then'—

"'Then, little flower of humility, dismiss your fears; you will be more to me than I can now realize. Then'— He could not finish the sentence. The soul was mirrored in the eye. I felt the palpitation of his heart,

and I knew that for both there was one path to tread, one life-work to do, one goal to be attained.

"'See, dear,' at length he said, 'God's lamps are lighted in the sky; our gracious Saviour smiles upon us. Let us kneel down here and consecrate our new love to his glory, praying him to make us faithful laborers in his Father's field.'

"In our case the old adage was not verified, for no obstacle was thrown in the way of our true love's course. My father listened with a propitious ear to George's petition.

"'So, so, my daughter,' he said, tenderly caressing me, 'you are getting tired of this poor old man, and you have found a new companion.'

"'No, no, dearest father,' I said, while tears welled up in my eyes, 'we will never, never live apart. But indeed I could not help loving him.'

"'And why should you not love him, my child? You are but fulfilling your woman's destiny. I knew my idol, my only treasure, would find herself a mate, and I trembled lest her young and unsuspecting heart might be beguiled into an unfortunate attachment. Now, thank God, my fears are at an end. I do not believe in protracted engagements. I have schooled my heart to resign you; so at as early a period as possible let the union be consummated. Your lives will

then grow into each other, and your thoughts and feelings will assimilate.'

"We were a happy two, for George adapted his arrangements to ours. Nestled among the mountains in a romantic district of North Wales lies the village of Bettws-y-Ceod, where we found that retirement so congenial to our feelings. We were all in all to each other, and we wished to live in each other's love, though we knew that duty would ere long call us to a wider sphere.

"One day, when the dappled morn irradiated the sky and the sun's glow rested on the adjacent heights, wooed by the picturesque beauty that met our gaze on every side, we walked out together. As we stood on the stone bridge that spanned the river, we looked up at the everlasting hills and adored their great Creator; we looked down at the river rolling over the rocks, and remembered that the Almighty God, of whose infinitude man's finite intellect can form but a faint conception, had permitted his only Son, the partner of his glory, to die, that our sin-polluted souls might be made pure as the crystal drops that sparkled there and bright as the sun's radiance at noon-day. With hearts aglow with gratitude we directed our steps to the waterfall. George spread his shawl on a rock, and asked me to rest while he made a communication.

"'Though I know it will not be unfavorably received,'

he said, 'yet even were it otherwise I should be obliged to make it, for our once secret thoughts are now the property of both.' He proceeded to tell me of Henry's triumphant departure, and how, in the awful presence of death, he had promised to give the fourth of his income for the promotion of missionary effort and the holiest purposes of life; how wonderfully God had prospered his every business transaction, and how the observance of that vow had ever since been a source of unspeakable comfort.

"'It was the radiance which encircled your benevolent actions,' I broke in, 'that first made my heart so desirous to know you.'

"'You do not object, then?' he asked.

"'Oh no, I have enough for both,' was my reply. 'I only wish I could more worthily second your noble efforts.'

"'The holiest works of philanthropic love,' he replied, 'have been pioneered by woman. It is her mission to speak words of comfort where the voice of man can never penetrate. Quickened by the love of God, your weakness is strength; from your life mine will garner sweetness.'

"The following morning my father was persuaded by George to accept the support of his arm and ascend a neighboring hill, from whose top a magnificent view was obtained. He sat down to rest on

a fallen tree, near an artist who was sketching there.

"'I have a surprise for you,' I said, as we clambered over the rocks. 'The mother of Henry Black once saved my life. Yes, she nursed me through a dangerous illness when I was a child, and I must have succumbed to the violence of disease but for her motherly tenderness.'

"'And the blessing of God—do not forget to add that, dear Lucy.'

"'It was a momentary forgetfulness; but I thank you for the reminder. You remember the gold cross you gave me when you told me of your free-will offering to the Lord; my father recognized it by the pearl in the centre; it was my mother's. A few days before her death she gave it to her favorite maid Emma. "My child,' she said, 'you may have to suffer wrong, you may even be cruelly treated, and there may be no human hand to avert the evil. In that hour of trial hold this cross before you, and remember that your Saviour suffered wrongs a thousand times more aggravated; that he who was supreme in Heaven and earth became the poorest of the poor, that you might be a star in his Father's kingdom. As you are like him in poverty and hardship, pray to be like him in the patient endurance of suffering. Should you be weary of life because hope is dead, remember how his hands and feet were nailed to the wood, how his precious life-drops crimsoned

the ground; then will your burden be lightened. You cannot read the Bible; I wish you could; but you have committed its precepts to memory. You know where to seek for the waters of life. But the cross is a volume in itself; it is suggestive of our Lord's triumph over the wiles of the tempter, of the love that surpasses our comprehension in the sacrifice of redemption, of the rapture of resurrection, of the blessedness of joy forever." My mother's softly-uttered wish was carried out by our good doctor, who spent much of his time with us and took the opportunity when Emma was cleaning his room to teach her to read. You remember the man with a pleasant smile and a merry twinkle in his eye whom we met at Munich?'

"'Yes; I thought him the personification of good nature and excellence.'

"'He was Emma's teacher. It was he that brought Henry to your father. The morning on which Henry left us, his mother put the cross around his neck. "This is the seal of your baptism," she said, "the symbol of your soldiership in the army of your Lord. Should you be tempted to go astray, look upon it and remember that you have promised to follow Jesus, heeding neither the frowns nor the smiles of the world."'

"'It was Henry's last act,' said George, as I ceased to speak, 'to place this cross in my hands. "I wish

you to have it," he said, "for your instructions perfected the earlier lessons of my mother. Belle wishes it too." "Yes, massa Dill," said Belle, "I don't need de cross, kase I have Jesus himself in my heart all de time; when I lies down, and when I gets up, and when I's at de wash-tub, he's dare, warming my heart with his great big love. Dis heart is very sore now, but I knows he heal it by-and-by. De cross is good, but himself is better—and I want you to have it, kase Henry loves you so."'

"Returning to my father's side, we found the artist's portfolio open on his knee, and his eyes riveted on a picture. 'Lucy,' said he, with tones tremulous with emotion, 'let me show you your mother just as she was when I first saw her, sitting under an oak with her little ones grouped about her; for she was a school-teacher, and supported a maiden aunt who for many years had been confined to her room with a spinal affection. Unperceived I approached, and listened to her sweetly-modulated voice as she read to her charge a story descriptive of nature and full of pure child-thought. Whenever a flower or shrub was named, if it was not too far away, one was sent to bring it, that all might see it. It was her habit thus to spend an hour on every bright summer's day, for she believed that the body might receive elasticity and vigor while the mind was being fed from the great store-house of knowledge.

So day by day they watched the development of nature; so day by day mind and body were exercised, while they themselves were in receipt of the sweetest pleasures of an innocent childhood.

"'See that little gate overgrown with ivy; it leads to the cottage where your mother cheered her invalid aunt. The porch is wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle; most of the flowers on either side were planted by her own dear hand. She was watering them, the second time I saw her; the sun had just gone down, and the moon was climbing the distant hills. Having obtained an introduction through the parish priest, who was a college mate of mine, I succeeded in winning your mother's love, but duty did not yield to the prayer of affection, though her own heart pleaded powerfully for its acceptance. This cottage had been the life-home of her aged relative, whose few remaining days she would not darken by leaving it; so I waited, impatiently waited four long inevitable years, and there at the left of the cottage is the church where my life was finally crowned with happiness.'

"At a gesture from my father the artist approached and was introduced. When, after a few moments' conversation, he had retired, my father said: 'Mr. Clare's father, who is staying at Lanrush, married us and baptized you; your hearts are already wed—why should you not now be united by the most sacred

of ties? For the ostentation and glitter of a fashionable wedding, I know you, my daughter, have no desire.'

"'No, indeed, father; it would be an incubus on the brightness and freedom of our happy present.'

"And so when June was extending the hand of welcome to her sister July, we were married. Only the family with whom the Clares were staying were present. A simple white dress, a wreath of wild flowers, and a veil, composed my bridal attire; we were too happy in ourselves to care for externals.

"Mr. Clare and his son designed passing a few days at Grasmere, once the residence of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. As it was classic ground, we accepted with pleasure their invitation to accompany them. I heard the voice of Mr. Clare in the church whose walls for nine hundred years had reverberated with the songs of praise. I stood by the poet's grave in the place where the weary pilgrims of earth find rest. The river rolling through it was suggestive of the waters of life that sparkle forever in the Paradise of God. We left the hallowed spot, invigorated to tread with firm step the rough path of duty; for the path of duty is the narrow path, and though love may smooth and beautify it, yet the briars are there, and sometimes the thick darkness. The grand and picturesque scenery that environs the place, fraught with

so many pleasant associations, called forth the tribute of our profoundest admiration.

"A few evenings before our departure, the temptation to go alone on the river was irresistible. The nightingale was bidding farewell to the day in tones so sadly sweet as to thrill our hearts with tenderest emotions.

"'Why are you silent, George?' I asked.

"'I have been thinking of the poor,' was his reply. 'No, children of penury and suffering, though you are called to tread the stormy ways of life with feet bruised and bleeding, though on your night of destitution with its Cimmerian gloom the rainbow hues of sympathy have never shone, yet do not despair; for among the poorest was Jesus born. As the night-blooming cereus is fragrant in the deepest darkness, so may your lives encompassed with want and woe be fragrant, for the love of God is the soul's perfume. Some of the sweetest flowers grow lowliest, yet the breezes above them are laden with their fragrance. There is not one of God's creatures too humble to bless another, if Jesus has but found an entrance into his heart.'

"'Our own lives are a verification of your words,' I replied, 'for is it not to the perfume of an humble Christian life that we owe the fullness of our present joy?'

"As on that night when our senses were ravished

with beauty and harmony, so through life the love-light that radiated from soul to soul was its music and its brightness. We walked side by side down the highway of time—we had our shadows and even our eclipses; but mutual love was our haven of rest. We worked together, hand strengthening hand, and heart sustaining heart.

"George has gone to his reward. Only the last day will reveal the blessings conferred on the human race by his self-denying labors of love. He has gone—yet he does not seem so very far away. In the still dark night my inmost being thrills to the sound of his dear familiar voice. So I am waiting—only waiting."

CHAPTER VI.

The rain has been pouring all day long. Johnny is fourteen years old; he has just come in from school. Mrs. Payson is in the cozy breakfast room; a bright fire is burning in the grate, and she is reading aloud to one who cannot see the firelight's glow or mark the shadows dancing on the wall. They have both been weeping, for the pathetic story is a faithful portrait of the sufferings of real life.

In the hush voices are heard; the head of the house enters, followed by a stalwart sailor, whose gray locks

entitle him to respect. His eyes are suffused with moisture, but you know by the gleam of joy that lights up his weather-beaten features that sorrow has no place there. The two most interested quickly follow.

"Oh! thank de Lord, thank de Lord!" exclaimed Belle, clapping her hands and frisking about in the excess of her joy. "Honey, it is de good Lord himself that brought your father here. Oh! it is de blessedest time I ever did see!"

The sailor hugged his new-found child close to his heart; his ears drank in for the first time the music of those tender words, "my father."

"Oh, Belle! Belle!" he exclaimed, shaking again and again the hand of the poor old woman. "What shall I say? I can never reward you, for I am poor."

"Johnny is de best boy in all de world, and dat's enough," said Belle. "Dat makes dis poor ole heart run over with joy."

"God bless you, Belle!" cried the sailor. "God bless you! you have been my boy's saviour."

"No, I's done nothing to be thanked for; massa and missus, they's done it all."

"Mr. Payson, you and your wife have been parents to my motherless boy. What can I do to repay you?"

"If Johnny turns out to be a good man, we are more than repaid," replied Mr. Payson. Then followed the narration with which the reader is already acquainted.

The glad tidings soon reached Clara and Eliza, who hastened to be present at the joyful meeting, for Johnny had been the object of their tenderest sympathies, their unwearied care. We gathered around the family altar that night with hearts glowing with gratitude to the gracious God, the leadings of whose love had brought about this blessed reunion.

After a time Johnny's father went down once more to his ocean home, satisfied that his boy had been better cared for, better instructed, than he could have been even had his mother lived; for the children of the poor, huddled together in tenement-houses, are exposed to bad influences which their parents may deplore but cannot wholly prevent. Belle had the comfort of seeing her foster-child usefully employed, loved, and respected. She lived to a great age. In her last years, the superstitions imbibed in her early life came back to her, and exercised an influence over her mind; but above them shone the radiant beams of the sun of righteousness, for one whom she had humbly tried to serve on earth has, we believe, prepared for her a mansion in his Father's house within the pearly gates. Her talent was not laid up in a napkin, and her good deed may shine far down the waste of time, for Johnny is faithful to the teachings of his childhood and strives to imitate the works of his Divine Master.

How strange, I think I hear the reader exclaim, not

to marry Johnny! What an unsatisfactory story! Patience, gentle reader, and I will tell you a secret—a secret between you and me. Johnny is a real person, and if I were to choose for him a pretty blue-eyed blonde, he might prefer a dark-eyed brunette, and *vice versa;* so I think I might better yield the point gracefully and allow him to select for himself, for if I am not mistaken that's what the gentlemen like best to do.

I know it is not in human nature to be free from faults; and if I have not painted its darker phases, it is because the light shines inward and in its refulgence the darkness is lost. The thoughts that come to me in my blindness are fragrant with peace and rich with consolation; and they come to me in my weariness and loneliness like angel visitants from the dear good Lord himself. They came to me when suffering wrong for doing right; they brought me rest; they stayed my feet more firmly on the Rock of Ages.

On the stage of life Johnny is acting nobly the part assigned him by his Creator. God has wonderfully enlarged the bounds of his church. It is the focus toward which the rays of Christian charity and philanthropic love converge in the village of Scarsdale. The key is kept in a cleft of the wall. Whoever first reaches the door on the Lord's Day rings the bell; then the great heart of the community thrills to its sound, and quick steps answer its vibrations.

Doubtless God dwells in the hearts of his children and answers their silent prayers; yet is it not an inexpressible comfort to carry the heart surcharged with its own peculiar sorrow and weary of its weight of sin, when the spirit would cry out in its agony, into the consecrated temple of the Lord, cheered by the light of his blessed presence—where no eye but God's can see, where no ear but God's can hear—where the soul has so often been refreshed with the manna of a Saviour's love—there to drink in fresh draughts of peace and even rapture from the never-failing fount of life?

Our divine Exemplar, when he was among us, taught us the sacredness of the house dedicated to his Father's worship. It is sweet to retire from the walks of busy life into the hallowed precincts where dwells the Lord, great and gracious, mighty and merciful. God smiled upon his church, and it made glad the heart of one who loved to worship under its shadow; and thus her thoughts found utterance:—

I.

A beauteous church attractive stood,
And opened wide its door;
A little flock were gathered there,—
Among them God's own poor.

II.

The sunbeams rested on its dome,
The flowers perfumed the air;

The smile of morn, the tear of eve,
Lay on that house of prayer.

III.

A little flock, an humble band,
Came duly there to bring
The incense of their grateful hearts,
To mount on prayer's swift wing;

IV.

To taste the manna of his love,
Our God, who changeth not;
To learn from Christ, the lowly one,
Contentment with their lot.

V.

The stricken ones bowed down with grief,
Children of want and care,
The agonized found sweet relief—
Their Lord was with them there.

VI.

Obedient to the church's call,
Fresh numbers yearly came
To kneel within her sacred courts,
To laud Jehovah's name.

VII.

Now, duly on each Sabbath morn,
As sounds the village bell,
Floats out upon the liquid air
The organ's joyous swell.

VIII.

For crowds now gather where before
A few were wont to come;
The work is God's,—Jesus will lead
Pastor and people home.

IX.

And nestling 'neath the church's wing,
A little chapel lies,
Like a sweet infant, looking up
To greet its mother's eyes.

X.

Oh! never fear to raise the cross,
Though ye be poor and few.
In faith begin; from time to time,
God will your strength renew.

XI.

And ye may know the blessed peace
Jesus alone can give;
Hear his dear lips pronounce the words,
"Come thou with me and live."

An Extract from my Journal.

JULY 14, 1863.

The planks are torn up. The supply of milk is cut off. The bells are ringing, but the firemen dare not put out the fires. I stay in my room alone, for I am not a favored and invited guest. I am here because I have no home, and I must go where God's hand is leading me. Now and then I open the slats just a very little, to catch one breath of air. I hear them packing up their things, preparing for the worst; but I must lose all; my trunk is in the attic. Should the house be attacked, I would not have them think of me; in that fearful hour I would not trouble those whose kindness shelters me. I will raise no voice; I will lift no cry; but I will go silently down stairs. Shall I find one hand to help, one heart to pity, one breast in which all of human tenderness has not died out? I know not; but this I know—God rules, and he who shut the lions' mouths can guard his helpless child as well. How still it is! Were it not that the cars are stopped and the streets deserted, I might almost forget the inauguration of the reign of terror.

Just then I heard the horrid clubs of the mob. I heard them breaking in the doors of a house in the rear. Their oaths and imprecations made me tremble, yet I thought I had faith.

"Burn up! Burn up!" was the cry.

"Father, dear Father, put out the fire," I prayed.

Men, women, and children, raged for violence and plunder. "Burn up! Burn up!" and with those terrible words my prayer went up—"O Father, dear Father, put it out!"

I went down stairs and found my friends in the greatest consternation. Some of the family were preparing for immediate flight. Mrs. —— was powerless with terror.

"C., what will you do if they come here?" said Mr. ——. "We expect them every hour. We would do all we could for you, but we have daughters of our own."

"Do not think of me—I will trust in Providence," was my reply.

"Yes, but Providence helps those who help themselves."

"Providence knows I have done all I can," said I. "I will tell the rioters I am blind."

"Poor chance that! They are so blind with fury they know not what they do."

I went into the back parlor. The Psalmist has said,

"The waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly;" but what were they in comparison with the madness of the infuriated mob? There was a constant roar. Mirrors and pictures were dashed out of the windows; all that art could do to beautify and make home attractive was being ruthlessly destroyed. While the work of destruction was proceeding, I knelt down and told Jesus how homeless, how helpless, how unprotected I was. I told him I had not a claim on any one; I poured all my woe into his sympathizing ear. Tears flowed too fast for words. He saw me in my desolation. Presently, there came into my soul a peace so heavenly that words are powerless to portray it. All my anguish was lost in its sweetness; the arm that was around me was so strong. Oh! I wondered how in all my life I ever could have distrusted God. It was rest—it was refreshment—to lean on Jesus then; it was like falling asleep on my mother's breast—only the Saviour's love surpasses that of a mother.

The people still raged like wild beasts, but I went up stairs and talked calmly with my friends. I did not fear to be with them then, for I was resting on the rock Christ Jesus. I knew if I lived until to-morrow a wearisome journey was before me; I could but put my trust in God, and went to sleep.

JULY 15th.—I had slept through danger, bloodshed,

and conflagration. I was strengthened. I had found that which the world could neither give nor take away. The family had decided to remain in their house, but their daughters were to go to the country; I was bound for the far West. We took a carriage, E. and I, with the hope of reaching Courtland Street.

When we reached the place, E. left me for a few moments, to get a pass for me up the river. In that wild tumultuous throng I stood alone on the wharf, with vehicles rushing and rumbling around me. I felt a sense of insecurity, and yet in my helplessness I durst not move. I reached out my hands, but touched nothing. Just at this moment a whisper came; I did not need eyes then—I went quickly. Scarcely had I ascended the steps, clinging to the railing of the boat, when the hot breath of horses was on my cheek, wheels splashed my dress with mud, and a heavily-laden truck dashed by. Had I hesitated for a single moment, it would have been too late.

In agitated tones I heard E. exclaim (for he had just come up), "Don't be frightened—hold fast—don't be afraid!" Afraid! how could I be afraid, when my guardian angel was close by me?

"Why was she left there?" "Who put her there?" they angrily asked, and oaths mingled with the questions. In that hot struggle for life in flight, where could a resting-place be found?

The boat was crowded almost beyond its capacity. Women foot-sore and weary had walked from the upper part of the city, for the cars had ceased running; and many had been obliged to carry their babies. Children were crying, their feet blistered and bleeding; and all were talking of the heart-sickening sights they had seen. In that wild confusion and terrible crush, how was I on landing to get from the boat to the car, was the question that suggested itself to my anxious mind, as I sat alone and unnoticed in the corner of a sofa—and yet I was not alone, for God's eye was upon me. Just as my anxiety was resolving itself into prayer, a lady with whom I had not met for many years came up, made herself known, took me on deck, and introduced me to a gentleman, who was ready the next morning to take me to the cars.

I will not weary the reader with the details of changes from car to boat, from boat to stage. Suffice it to say that in each hour of need one came—only one—sometimes in most unexpected ways—and often one with whom I had not before spoken. I knew it was God's hand that was leading me along. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths."

Gratitude to God for his wonderful providence in the preservation of my life, has induced me to publish this extract from my journal.

The Power of a Sister's Love.

Chapter I.

The ruddy hues of golden sunlight were fast melting into the blue and purple of evening, and silvery clouds, in fantastic shapes, were floating one above another, as if the spirits of mirth were keeping holiday in their airy heights. It is a fit hour for contemplation, thought I, when the calm spirit, free from the turmoil and vexations of the day, may gratefully read the glorious book of nature, and hold sweet converse with its divine Author.

Thus soliloquizing, I ascended a little hill, and seated myself on a moss-covered rock that overlooked a small stream, which wound its way through the peaceful valley. But my attention was soon arrested by the figure of a person standing on the margin of the stream. He was apparently young, below medium height, and rather slender. His intellectual brow bore the traces of bitter grief and untimely care, and his dark eye glowed with intense feeling.

"Ah! unfortunate wretch," he wildly exclaimed, "where are now the gossamer day-dreams of ambition

in which my young spirit loved to indulge, and the bright hopes that gilded the horizon of my future? All blighted by one untimely blow. Oh! I could bear the lot of penury and disappointment to which I am doomed, were it not for my dearer self, my only beloved sister. Oh! could I but shield her from the sufferings incident to such a life, I could be resigned to my fate, and proudly meet the contemptuous treatment of the author of my misery. I feel myself a man, and could fearlessly act my part in the world's arena. But, alas! I cannot shield the delicate flower committed to my charge from the cruel storm. Heaven knows, the hot tears that chase each other down my cheek are not selfish."

Just then the moon, full-orbed and beautiful, rose, and shed its pensive light over the careworn features of the weeping stranger. His extreme youth, his high appreciation of the intellectual advantages so recently lost, joined to the warmth and tenderness of his affection for his only sister, awakened a more than common interest in my mind. But his grief was a sacred thing, and I felt that I had no right to intrude on him at such a time, even though impelled by the most generous feeling. I therefore took my way quietly to my lodgings, and determined, on the ensuing day, to make every effort to find out the object that had so deeply engaged my feelings; but those to whom I addressed

myself seemed ignorant of the very existence of such a family, and I was obliged to abandon the attempt. At three o'clock, I was seated in the office of my solicitor, testing the validity of a life-insurance policy which I had just received. A pause ensued in our conversation, when my companion, looking up from a paper before him, said drily:—

"What strange people there are living in this world!"

"Now, really, what could induce you to make this remark?" I inquired.

"I was thinking," he replied, "of an odd old gentleman with whom I happened to be slightly acquainted.

"An old bachelor friend of mine, lately deceased, had two orphan nephews (Clarence and Stephen) entirely dependent on him for support. These were receiving a liberal education at his expense, and he designed to divide his estate, worth two hundred thousand dollars, between them. Mr. F. had been travelling for the past two years in Europe, and relied upon the correspondence of an intimate friend for information respecting them.

"Unfortunately for poor Clarence, this gentleman was a distant relative of Stephen's, who used every opportunity to depict in glowing colors the amiable disposition and high attainments of his favorite, and deprecated the want of these excellences in Clarence. He frequently spoke of his fondness for foolishly spending money, and even hinted at the possibility

of his bringing disgrace on his uncle. The old man was kind-hearted and well-meaning, but wanting in that penetration which would enable another more deeply read in the mysteries of human nature to detect at a glance the false hues in the portraits so adroitly sketched. One day, after reading one of these communications, he felt that it would be an unpardonable sin to endow with wealth a youth so extravagant and ungrateful as Clarence might prove. Accordingly, he bequeathed the whole of his fortune to Stephen. I do the old gentleman the justice to believe that, had he survived his illusion, he would have amended this unfair disposition of his property; but the next day he expired of apoplexy.

"Clarence was taken from the university, and, with his only sister, exposed to all the ills of poverty, while Stephen is surrounded with every luxury that wealth can procure."

"This is the information I have been seeking all day," I replied. I then related the last night's occurrence, and expressed my wish to aid this afflicted youth to the utmost of my abilities.

CHAPTER II.

The gray tints of twilight found me seated upon the same rock I had before occupied. The brother was

standing upon the bank of the stream, and with him his sister, a girl of twelve years. Her dark blue eyes were suffused with tears, as she raised them to her brother's face, and read the wild and despairing expression of his countenance.

"Oh! brother, dear brother, you frighten me," she exclaimed; "you are so unlike yourself."

"Do not say so, dearest; you are the idol of my soul."

"Then will you not smile on me?"

"I cannot; my heart is breaking."

"What makes you so sad? I love you."

"We are poor; we are beggars."

"Jesus was a poor man, the only Son of God; and I know our Father in Heaven loves us, or he would not make us like his Son."

"Indulge the pleasing thought," he replied; "but I must be revenged on the wretch who has ruined us."

"Oh! brother, I implore you by the prayers of our dear dead mother—"

"Hush, Ada; human nature cannot endure the wrongs which I suffer. He must feel the bitterness of my wrath."

"Brother, will you grant me one little favor?" she said, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him affectionately.

"I will, dearest."

"Come with me, then, to our mother's grave."

Thither I also directed my steps. The eye of a stranger is frequently pained by the marks of neglect visible in country church-yards. Here, however, it was not so. Beautiful flowers were blooming around many of the grass-covered graves, evidently planted there by the friends and relatives of the departed, and the branches of the plane-tree and weeping willow trembled in the night-breeze. In a remote corner knelt our two friends. The pent-up feelings of the young man found utterance, and he wept long and loudly. The silence was at length broken by his sister.

"I love to come and weep here; for sometimes the angels speak to me, and tell me to be a patient, good girl, and I shall soon come home to glory and my mother. But, brother, I should not like to be there without you. Do you remember the dear old Bible from which we learned our Sunday-school lessons?"

"Yes; a train of holy recollections is sweeping over my soul."

"Then, will you not forgive our enemy?"

"What! shall the wretch who ruined us be unharmed?"

"'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Wait God's time, dear Clarence."

"I would try, if you were not so helpless, and I so poor."

"Our Father in Heaven will send you a friend. He always hears our prayers."

"Sister, I will go home. You are the only star left to shed a beam of light over my darkened way; and if the morrow shall bring me one generous friend, or lend a ray of hope, I will henceforth dedicate my powers to the glory of God. Your love, dear one, is the spell that binds me to virtue. You are my better angel." Thus saying, he led her silently from the grave.

Highly gratified that it was in my power effectually to aid one so young and interesting, who, from his unprotected and friendless situation, seemed standing on the brink of ruin, and grateful for the providential care of that God without whose notice even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, I retired to rest. My imagination indulged pleasing dreams of the future prosperity and honor of Clarence, and the piety and usefulness of his gentle sister.

CHAPTER III.

When the first rays of golden light had tinged the eastern skies, I arose to meditate upon what plan I could best proceed. I dispatched a note to Clarence, requesting his presence at my room at eleven o'clock.

He seemed somewhat embarrassed as he entered. The wild, despairing look of the night previous had

given place to a placid and resigned expression. After shaking him cordially by the hand, I requested him to be seated, and said :—

"I saw you at your mother's grave, and heard the earnest pleadings of your sister in behalf of virtue and forgiveness. God has sent me to be the friend for whom you prayed."

He clasped his hands, and, with his eyes raised to heaven, exclaimed: "I thank thee, O our Father in Heaven!"

"And now, Clarence, you must implicitly confide in me. I have no relatives who have claims upon my wealth; and I shall take much pleasure in increasing your happiness. You shall be sent to the university from which you were so recently taken. But come, I must first see your sister."

A short walk brought us to a pretty cottage, half hid from view by a clump of elm trees. As we were passing through the little gate, Clarence said: "In this cottage I was born, and here my mother died; but yesterday it was sold to defray the expenses of our maintenance."

Ada was reading the Bible as I entered. She cast a timid glance at her brother, who, coming forward, said affectionately: "Dear Ada, God has answered our prayers."

Her eyes sparkled with joy as she said, "I knew it

would be so: mother told us that Jesus would always answer the petitions of faith."

"And will you love me, my little girl?" I asked.

"Yes; for you are sent to us from Heaven, and I know you will be very kind."

After leaving them, I determined to purchase the cottage so sacred to the memory of these poor orphans. This arrangement was soon effected. Mrs. S., a lady of rare accomplishments and integrity of character, I had frequently heard, kept a small boarding-school a few miles distant from the village. Under the care of this lady I placed my young ward, who was delighted at the thought of having so many little girls to love and to play with. Before bidding her good-bye, I enjoined upon her the necessity of frequently writing to me. Her letters breathed the feelings of a loving and gentle heart, deeply imbued with the holy lessons learned from the Book of Life.

Clarence attained the highest collegiate honors. Now the world lay before him, and nature and education had well prepared him to act a creditable part in its scenes. I suggested that the bar would afford the widest scope for the exercise of his splendid talents, and perhaps lead him to distinction. "Dear friend," he replied, "I cannot devote myself to the profession of law. When I stood with my sister at the grave of my mother, in the presence of God and the bright throng of holy

angels, who watch over the destinies of mortals, I promised that, if the morrow would but lend one ray of hope, I would dedicate myself to the glory of my Creator. You came to brighten the way of the lonely orphan, and you have acted the part of a parent. I am deeply grateful; but duty and inclination alike prompt me to fulfill that sacred vow."

I placed him in charge of a distinguished divine, under whose care he pursued his theological studies with zeal and success. After receiving the holy rite of ordination, he was settled in one of the larger villages of Western New York. Here his beautiful reading of the service, and his earnest and persuasive eloquence, won the hearts and charmed the ears of his congregation; while the gentleness and humility which characterized his manners made him an especial favorite with the poor.

What has become of Ada? I hear the reader impatiently ask. This young lady, after leaving school, resided in the cottage with an old friend of her mother's, and became the idol of the village. Her rare accomplishments and graceful manners caused her to be much admired by the other sex. There was a suitor, who would gladly have led her to the altar; but he was a stranger to the blessed influences of religion, and lightly esteemed its teachers; and she comprehended how miserable must be her fate, if for ever

obliged to associate with one who entertained his unhappy opinions. His great wealth could not tempt her to wander from the path of duty.

Clarence frequently acknowledged the power of a sister's love, and felt its memory to be the richest treasure in a brother's soul.

Ten years have passed, and while Ada gently returns the pressure of my hand, and her bright blue eyes, full of tenderness, look so lovingly upon me, my readers must forgive me for confessing that to remain an old bachelor any longer is a moral impossibility.

Reminiscences of my Early Home.

OUR HORSE JOHNNY.

How far instinct fringes the bounds of reason, or whether it may not be an infinitesimal part of mind itself, is a mooted question. Is it not possible that it is powerful beyond our ken, and that the inferior animals may understand each other in their vernacular as perfectly as we in ours?

Our horse Johnny was a strongly-built, well-formed bay, with muscles of iron; he would throw back his head and snuff the air, as if he had a position and meant to maintain it. He was so spirited that no horse could pass him on the road, and yet as gentle as a lamb when we children played around his feet. He seemed to know that there were delicate morsels there. I remember I used to pass under his body, and never thought of danger; and danger there was none, for Johnny knew that I was blind. He used to eat apples and cake from my hand, but never hurt one tiny finger; and then, oh! how I loved to stroke his mane, and pat his noble head as he would lay it on my shoulder.

They used to put me on his back, and he would go slowly up and down the field; but, if he felt me slip-

ping in the least, he would stop immediately. He watched while they led me out to the wagon, and never moved until all were seated; for Johnny knew that I was blind.

One by one, the widow's household treasures were taken, and yet insatiate need demanded more. Then it was said, tearfully said, "Johnny must be sold!"

At first they hired him out; but when in the evening he came home overworked and beaten, all stood round him weeping, and when they laid my hand on his stripes I cried aloud. Then he looked down, looked scornfully and pitifully down, as if he would say, "Do not cry! I do not mind the stripes; I will go and bear them again, if it will buy you bread." We thought Johnny knew everything—and this he did know, that he loved us and we loved him.

Soon after this a good man came to buy Johnny—one who was kind to all about him; the brute creation loved him, so we knew he would be kind to Johnny. We put our arms about his neck; all of us kissed him, and I gave him a piece of sugar. The widow went into the house, and closed the window that she might not see him go; he was so dear, and more than that he had been her husband's pride.

When I hear one cruelly beat a horse, my heart cries out, "Deal gently, oh! deal gently with him;" for Johnny knew that I was blind. Deal kindly with this

slave of your will, who serves you so faithfully, as ye would God should deal with you when ye stand before his judgment-throne.

DEATH OF THE OLD COW.

Our humble home was not the home that poets love to paint. The pretty porch, twined with jessamine and honeysuckle, our one-story frame house could not claim; it had only unpainted wooden steps. Our front yard could not call a flower its own, except the clover blossoms that grew in the grass.

The house faced the west. On the north, a little beyond it, was the high-curbed well with its iron-bound bucket; and water purer and sweeter than that which came from its far-down depths, the Muse has never sung. On the south, beyond the peach-tree and near the fence was an oak, a child of the forest which the woodman's axe had spared; of its acorns we children used to make cups and saucers, and play tea under its branches. Of the pretty sets of dishes children now enjoy, we never dreamed; if we heard of a china or earthen dish being broken, we ran to get the pieces and thought we had a splendid set of crockery.

The fence was composed of boards laid lengthwise, three inches in width and one inch apart. On top was

a board laid flat; there we children used to walk, and the boys jumped off,—but I never attempted a feat so daring. I could only climb over. At the back door was a sun-flower. In the garden where our vegetables grew, were hollyhocks, marigolds, pinks, and roses.

These were all the floral beauties that we children knew; but we had a pet—a little white cow, with dark red spots; and oh! she had such a pretty white face. I used to taste her breath in the early morning, feel her horns, go around her, smooth down her sleek sides, and then have my tin cup filled with milk. She was a mischievous little thing; she would follow us about, and one day volunteered to come into the house. But her neighborly act did not meet with a favorable response from its mistress, who thought her right place was in the barn or the meadow by the brook.

One day—it was a sad day for us—Bossy went out of the back gate, lay down, and died. All that could be done, was done to save her—but in vain. Then the widow wept, and the children cried; the minister came and spoke words of comfort, and the people stopped to sympathize as they passed along; but the widow knew how her children would miss the delicacies of which they had never before known the want—how day by day her heart would grieve to hear them ask for what she could not give. Those little cups would be unfilled now.

We had a wreath made of grasses and clover for Bossy's neck; the flowers we laid over and around her. Two of the neighbors made a box (to gratify the little ones, they said); in it they put Bossy, and laid her in the ground. We children were her true mourners. But the good people of the Methodist Church said that the widow and her children must not want for milk; so one bright day another Bossy stood before the door.

Whenever I hear a cow go lowing by, I think what comfort she may be bringing to the poor, the feeble, and the sick. Thousands of children, but for the nutriment she bestows, would never grow to manhood and womanhood. Is she not, then, a benefactor of our race? Are not kindness and gentleness her due? Has she not a right to protection at our hands from the harshness and passion of irresponsible hirelings? In our treatment of her, should we not follow the precepts of the golden rule? Yes—by all that's sacred, yes!

A Flower

FROM THE BOUQUET OF MEMORY.

There is a flower whose fragrance perfumes the present hour. Long ago was it planted for me in the old Bay State, and since that time its bloom has been perpetual.

It was a lovely August day, that day of our picnic to Mount Hope. The ocean fog had lifted, and the sun came out as warm and bright as if his radiance had never been obscured. Our hearts bounded with joyous anticipations of the pleasures before us.

About the time the children were wending their way to school, two sail-boats loaded with human freight and eatables were putting out from the Fall River pier. They were managed by a son of Neptune, who from his boyhood had been familiar with the ocean, and knew the secrets of his craft as well as we our A B C. We were a promiscuous gathering. Old and young, the highly intellectual and those of mediocre calibre, were in close proximity; yet there was no discordant element, for merriment was the order of the day.

For two hours, during which music enlivened the

scene, and solos, glees, and choruses were rendered and enjoyed, we were becalmed; but at length a fine breeze sprung up, and we soon reached our destination. It was charming to touch the soft green grass—to tread the soil whereon King Philip, the renowned Indian chief, lived and died.

As we prepared for our bath, mirth and laughter, born of the exhilaration that comes with the salt water, were not wanting; neither were good-natured, merry-hearted ones, whose mischievous pranks and ludicrous blunders afforded mutual amusement. In due time, under the trees, out in the invigorating air, the good things were discussed, roasted clams forming no insignificant part of the entertainment and a hearty appetite giving zest to the whole.

Then they led me to a spot rich in historic interest. In the solid rock nature has made a chair, in which King Philip sat when his people gathered round the council-fire. At its base is a stream of water, clear and limpid, where the red men quenched their thirst as they smoked the pipe of peace. Here perchance the war-whoop may have sounded, waking the echoes of the silent woods, startling the wild beasts in their lairs, frightening the birds as they guarded the nests of their young. Over vale, and hill, and mountain, it sounded; squaws and children knew its meaning and caught its fire. Armed with scalping-knife and toma-

hawk, with bow and arrow at his back, burning with rage and defiant of death, the red man started on the war-path. Few heroes of ancient or modern times have been more justly distinguished for intrepidity than this forest king; such iron courage, could it have led the van of civilized war, might have won a nation's proudest laurels.

History tells of a time in the distant past when a little feeble pilgrim band, worn with disease, famishing for food, were fast yielding to hardship and suffering. Just at the critical moment, a red hand was stretched out to help them; it was the good chief Massasoit—but for his timely aid, the settlement could not have survived. Shall we forget it now?

How mild and docile were the Indians, when the Spaniards first landed on their shores; and how that gentleness has been met and rewarded! History is voiceful, and as we read this portion of its record tears dim our eyes.

It is thought by many that the time is not far distant when the Indian will live only in song and story; I do not think so. Their belief in the control and guidance of the one Great Spirit is beautiful as far as it goes, and approaches nearer to the idea of the true God than any tenet of even the most cultured heathen nations. The readiness with which they receive Christian missionaries is sufficient proof that they are not destined to

entire extinction. When the Indians shall know assuredly that their land cannot by any possibility be taken from them, it may be that they will cultivate their fields, build comfortable houses for their wives and children, and like good citizens perform the various duties of civilized life; then we shall not see them die out and pass away like the autumnal leaves.—I have digressed; but thought led me as it would.

We climbed the mountains, and descried Bristol and the adjoining towns; on every side the eye had a wide range over thriving farms and cheerful homes. We talked of the past, the present, and the future, till the waning day warned us to return to the boats.

When we were nearing our place of destination, I was startled by the rush of the people to the other side of the boat; instinctively I went with them. Then the stentorian voice of our commander was heard; heads went down, and ropes were rapidly pulled. We had run into the bowsprit of a Swedish schooner, and stood five chances to one of going to the bottom; but the prompt action of our commander averted the danger, and saved us from the disagreeable experience of an unpremeditated bath, and perhaps a terrible fright. In all human probability we should not have been drowned, for our critical situation was observed from the shore, and boats were sent out to our rescue. At last we landed, and congratulating each other on our

escape from a ducking, and in the highest spirits, we went to our several abodes.

We who participated in the scenes of that delightful day are not destined to meet on earth again, but it is a sweet episode in our lives to which we may all recur with pleasure. As for myself, till my latest day the flower planted by the kindness of my Fall River friends will bloom in the unseen garden of the soul.

Why Charles Appleton Became a Benedict.

The crimson of day was fast fading into night, and the sunset rays of purple and gold were faintly reflected on the mountain-side. The moon was just rising, and poured a flood of silver light over the glowing landscape, kissing the limpid stream that murmured at the mountain's base.

On a hill embosomed in vines was the cottage of Friend Brown, for this was the soubriquet of the Quaker preacher; and he was worthy of the appellation, for he was in the truest sense of the word a friend to all who came to him for counsel. Now his voice floated out on the still and lovely evening, for he was reading a letter. Violet eyes looked into his, and studied the expression of his face at its conclusion.

"Dear grandpa, may I go?" and she leaned her elbows on his knees, and looked up entreatingly.

"Dost thou wish it very much, Clara?"

"Oh! yes; indeed, indeed I do, grandpa. I want to see how gay people live, and to hear how they talk.

I want to know what they do, and how they amuse themselves. I want to know all about them, grandpa. Oh! won't I be glad if you only say I can go!" and she clapped her hands for joy at the very thought.

"Well, well," he replied, slowly folding the paper, "it's natural for young folks to like pleasure; and my little birdie must have youth's enjoyment too. Yes, my darling, thou shalt go. God keep thee from temptation while thou art away from thy old grandpa. Thy father married out of meeting by a hireling minister, and I could not go to the wedding; he was disowned. It grieved me deeply. Since that time we have become less rigid, and I am glad to have it so. We who are travelling to Heaven on the same road should travel it together in brotherly love."

The moonbeams rested on his gray hair, while he stooped down and laid a kiss on his granddaughter's forehead.

The breeze sighed softly through the pines, but found no echo in the light-hearted Clara, who put out her candle and wandered away to dream-land.

Three weeks subsequent to the evening of which we have spoken, when the twilight shadows were superseding the day, Clara leaned back in her uncle's carriage, and was driven up the broad road which led to his residence around a many-tinted flower-circle, and through mazes of rich shrubbery. The door of the

stately mansion was thrown open on her approach; and as she stood in the marble hall and received the welcome of her aunt and her heretofore stranger cousins, and looked down the sweep of the long parlors, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers and candelabra, it seemed to her as if she had entered a new world.

The next morning, when the robins and orioles were singing in the maples and elms, Clara descended the broad staircase and stepped out on the piazza. A distant waterfall greeted her sight. The gate was hinged on two poplar trees; flower-beds were interspersed in the grass; and here and there were frames to which vines and flowers were trained. A sense of novelty overcame her, rather than an appreciation of the exquisite beauty with which she was surrounded.

Through the arbor, rich with its promise of autumn fruitage, she reached the summer-house with its air of secluded repose. "Oh! how I would like to bring my work and sit here every day. I hope they'll let me," was her mental exclamation.

Thoughtful consideration had built bird-houses on the roof of the summer house. "How pretty they are!" she said. "I wish grandpa could see them; I know he would have houses like them."

The tinkle of a bell told her the family were astir, and she hastened back; but she was dismayed to find herself fastened out, for in their humble cottage a night-

latch was unknown, and indeed the door was very seldom locked.

Her cousin Harry responded to the bell. "Why, coz," said he, "you are up with the lark, and you look as bright and fresh as Hebe herself."

"I hope I have not been doing anything wrong," she replied in a timid voice.

"Not in the least," was the rejoinder. "In this house he who pleases himself pleases his neighbor best. But come, mother and Belle are in the dining-room," he continued, as he smilingly led the way.

The elegantly-laid table, gleaming with glass and silver, bewitched her fancy. "Well, I never have seen anything half so beautiful," was her mental comment. The china cups were so delicate she was almost afraid to touch them.

The luxurious meal over, Harry approached the window. "Come, coz," said he, "while mother and Belle, are busy at little nothings, suppose you and I take a walk to Meadow Brook." Clara was no way unwilling, and they were soon out on the lawn.

"What a pretty wood this is!" she exclaimed. "How many wild flowers grow here! Does all this belong to your father, Harry—all this land and this beautiful place?"

His answer in the affirmative astonished her. "Why, coz, this is a mere bagatelle in comparison with what

other men own—friends of mine, to whom I mean to introduce you. And I'll just whisper it in your ear, coz; some of them are in the market, and they are worth catching."

The underbrush had been cleared away from the circuitous path that wound down to the brook. How the waters danced over the pebbles; how bright and clear they looked!

"Is the brook very long, Harry? Does it go far?"

"Yes, it takes a serpentine course, winding along through fields, farms, and villages. We will ride by it this afternoon."

A little later in the day, the ramblers entered the library. "Well, brother," said Belle, coming up to them, "you have completely appropriated cousin so far, but I mean to have a share of her now. Clara, what do you say to taking a ride through the meadows, over the hills, and far away?"

"I will be delighted," answered Clara.

"It is just the day for a drive," continued Belle; so cool, and there is no dust. We've time for a good airing before dinner. Will you order the carriage, Harry?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "and I'll mount Fleeta, and go as your body-guard."

To Clara it seemed as if she were in a new world; one amusement succeeded another in a perpetual round.

"Ma," said Belle, as she surprised her mother by coming into her room before breakfast, "Clara will need a dress for the party. Don't you think pink silk, with an overskirt of tulle looped up with daisies, would be pretty for her? If you will order it, I will superintend its making."

"I am glad you are so unselfish, my daughter. And so you are willing to see your cousin tastefully dressed, notwithstanding her beauty and piquant ways have been so much admired by our gentleman friends."

"Now, ma, don't give me credit for what is not my due. If I were not already engaged, I am very sure I should do all I could to keep Clara in the back-ground. But as it is, I'd rather give her the opportunity of making a good match." So the dress was ordered. Meanwhile the country cousin had got the better of her timidity, and was almost as much at home in this abode of opulence as in the little cottage among the pines.

"Oh!" thought Clara, as she was standing before the mirror arrayed for the party, "I wish grandpa could see me now; I wonder what he would say. I wonder if he would be sorry to see me look so fine. I hope not, for oh! I love him, and I'm so happy now!"

Harry saw with pain how regretfully Clara looked on while the dancers flitted before her. It was the first time in her life she had ever witnessed the poetry of motion.

"How did you like the party, Clara?" asked her uncle, as he laid down his paper and sipped his coffee the following morning.

"It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life; it carried me away to fairy-land. But oh! I do wish I knew how to dance."

"It is an accomplishment you ought to possess," he replied, "for your mother was the most graceful dancer in all the country round."

"I'll teach coz to trip it on the light fantastic toe with the greatest pleasure," broke in Harry, "if she will accept me for her dancing-master."

"O cousin, that will be splendid," she cried, clapping her hands in her unbounded joy, while her eyes fairly sparkled.

"When will you take your first lesson?"

"I am ready now," was her reply, and they were soon diligently at work practicing the figures.

"I am afraid Clara will be vain," remarked the maiden aunt of Mr. Warren, who was spending a few days in his family. "The attentions lavished upon her by the gentlemen last night were enough to turn more than one little head."

"I don't fear for Clara," replied Mr. Warren; "she has too much good sense to be thrown off her balance. But she must not dream of the possibility of charming

Charles Appleton, for he is a declared foe to matrimony."

"Mr. Appleton is so stiff and cold," exclaimed Clara, who had caught the latter part of his remark as she paused to take breath, "I should as soon think of having an iceberg near me."

"Nevertheless icebergs may be thawed, and Charley is worth catching. Suppose you try, coz," said Harry, looking archly at his sister. The thought of catching any one had never as yet crossed the mind of their cousin.

"My dear," said Mr. Warren one day to his wife, "if it meets with your approbation, I propose to give a dinner-party while Senator Finch and his lady are with us. As it will be the only thing of the kind I expect to do this season, I want it to be a fine affair; so I will just give orders to Delmonico to superintend and arrange the whole. There will be nothing for you to do but to send out the invitations."

Not one regret came in. The cloudless day saw the house redolent with flowers and adorned with tasteful and elaborate toilets. Clara wore a dress of white muslin looped up with pansies; around the coil of braids of her back hair were pansies and violets.

Senator Finch was a jovial, old-fashioned man, who loved mirth and pleasantry; so when the nuts were

before them, he asked Mrs. Warren to eat a philopena with him. Just then a pair of violet orbs, with the archest expression in the world, glanced merrily before the cold gray eyes of Mr. Appleton. How it was he could not tell, but that glance went beyond the surface. It left a sunbeam in the soul, and so far melted it as to allow him to say in the most stately and measured tones, "Will Miss Brown do me the honor to eat a philopena with me?"

A little unjewelled hand was stretched out to receive the offered kernel.

"What a pretty little hand it is," he thought. "I wonder what kind of a woman its owner is going to make." He entered into conversation with her; Clara was full of mirth and merriment.

"Well, coz, you did not seem to be overwhelmed," was Harry's remark when the company had taken their leave; your tongue wagged as busily as I ever heard it."

"Why no," answered Clara. "The iceberg bore down upon me somewhat formidably; but when I found I was neither frozen nor annihilated, I thought I would have a good time."

"And somebody else had a good time too, coz, for he stayed close by you."

While these remarks were being made, Charles soliloquized as follows, as he was riding home: "What

an unsophisticated child of nature she is! Here exuberant happiness is infectious; I felt as if I were breathing a charmed atmosphere, all seemed so bright around me. But pshaw! I am not going to be such a confounded fool as to fall head and ears in love with a girl just because she is pretty and sprightly."

Arrived at his elegantly-appointed apartment, he threw himself into an arm-chair, and this was the substance of his meditations :—

"How charming Clara would look as my *vis-à-vis!* How her glance would light up my soul! How graceful would be the sweep of her white dress over the crimson cushion of that sofa! How sweetly her musical voice would sound in this room! But what a consummate fool I am, to go mad about this girl; why I am losing my identity. How pleased some young ladies I know would be, if they could look into my heart to-night! How they would laugh to see one whom they have heretofore regarded as cold and invulnerable almost ensnared. But they shall never know it; nothing will come of it—only there never was, and never can be, another girl like Clara. Somehow, when I think of it, it is confoundedly lonesome here. But what a goose I am! I am losing my wits. No, I am getting nervous; I want some air."

In his hurry to reach the window he upset a prettily-worked bootjack, the gift of a lady friend, and over-

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turned the table and lamp; books, ink, and paper, went flying hither and thither over the floor. In desperation he raised the window; he looked out; the stars were shining, but in them he could see only the soft violet eyes that glanced into his soul and left the sunbeam there.

"O fiddlesticks! I am not going to slip my neck into the noose. I'll join that hunting-party of friends to-morrow, and go West."

It was dark within. The carpet was saturated with oil; so he slipped and fumbled about till he found a match, lighted his travelling lamp, and got to bed—but only to dream that a little hand was stretched out to him, that on that little hand he put a ring, and held it in his own.

Meanwhile, Clara intuitively felt that under that cold forbidding exterior glowed warmth and tenderness, which now and then flashed out in his moments of self-forgetfulness.

In the morning, Charles remembered a promise which he had made to call on Harry. While they were standing in the portico, and Harry was picking to pieces a sprig of white hawthorn, they discussed the question whether they should fish in Meadow Brook, or take their guns and stroll in the woods. "If we do the first, perhaps the ladies will join us," said Charles.

"But I thought," replied his companion, "that you

looked on ladies as a bore, and surely I once heard you say that a company of gentlemen without them was more to your mind."

"Did I? Well, circumstances alter cases, you know; since that time a change has come over the spirit of my dream. Suppose we all go angling together."

Just then Clara in her pink morning-dress crossed their path. She was reading a letter from her grandpa, and did not observe them till Mr. Appleton started forward, exclaiming "Philopena!"

"Fairly caught, coz," said Harry, as he took her hand.

"Yes," was her laughing reply; "I acknowledge my capture." Her cheeks were all aglow with healthful exercise, and her countenance was bright with animation. She looked so pretty then and there that Charles wished—oh! how much he wished—that he could hold her by something stronger and more enduring than a little word.

"Clara," said her aunt, as they were walking in the garden in the cool of the early morning, "what shall I get you to send to Mr. Appleton as a philopena?"

"Nothing, aunty. I am a poor girl, and he must accept a poor girl's gift. I'll pick up something."

Each day Charles found some excuse for calling at the Warrens', and each day he was more and more captivated by the winsome ways and pretty face of

the little country-girl. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon his mind that he was really in love with her, and more and more lonesome and uninviting became his bachelor quarters.

One evening as he had donned his dressing-gown and slippers, he was thinking how nice it would be to have a little arm about his neck, and a cheek—Clara's cheek—pressed against his own, when a box was brought in. He opened it; it was Clara's philopena—a candy cane. Attached to it by a blue ribbon was a paper with this stanza:—

> "Now, Charles, accept this candy cane;
> 'Twill help you through a world of pain.
> Seldom you meet a staff so sweet;
> Lean on't when tired—when hungry, eat."

He laughed outright. "The girl's a wit, I declare; and if I don't get her, I'll be a fool. I don't believe I am indifferent to her, and—and—the long and short of the matter is, I cannot live without her."

As the summer rolled on, Charles began to be looked upon by the Warrens as one of the family; and so exclusively did he devote himself to Clara as to leave no doubt of his intentions. And at last his love was reciprocated. At first she had felt for him only respect, called forth by his gentlemanly manners, refined taste, and evident superiority of mind. Then, as the sterling

good that was within him was brought out, to meet the call of duty or smooth the rugged pathway of some less favored life, respect grew into reverence. At length, almost imperceptibly to herself, it became merged in love—not the burning passion that comes with a rush, maddens the brain, and carries all before it,—but the sweet, gentle, mellifluous affection that fans the soul with perfume, fills the life with peace, and strengthens as the years go by.

When the woods were rejoicing in the glory of their autumnal tints, before a tinge of decay had dimmed their brightness, Charles knew that his day-dream was real, that the hand which he so prized would become his own, and would one day wear the nuptial ring.

Clara did not allow herself to become engaged without her grandpa's sanction.

"Well, well," said the white-haired man, as he laid down the letter. "So my little birdie wants to leave her poor old grandpa. I would have been glad to have her marry in our Society, because the quiet peaceful lives we lead bring true happiness. I have never known a discordant marriage among Friends." Then, turning to his sister: "Has not this been thy experience, Ruth?"

"Yes, brother." She sighed as she spoke, for she thought of one then sleeping in the bosom of the Pacific, who was to have been her protector and stay.

Then, after a moment, she resumed: "The young win our hearts—then go away and leave a great void there, and perhaps we never see them again."

Friend Brown took his spotless handkerchief out of his pocket, and wiped away the tears that were fast dimming his eyes. "Clara's principles," said he, "are so thoroughly founded on the truths of God's eternal Word that I do not fear the test to which they may be exposed, even should she become a votary of fashion."

"Then thou wilt consent to this marriage."

"Yes; friend Warren is her mother's brother, and he knows that the young man who asks for her hand is a youth of good principles. It will be hard to have her leave us. But, Ruth, thou and I will never part; hand in hand we will go down the rest of life's hill together. Together we will read our Bible, and talk of the days of our youth, and try to make ready for the Master's call."

These words of brotherly love were balm to the lonely heart of the poor desolate old woman, for he was all she now had to live for or to love. And so it was the poor and suffering knew Aunt Ruth would never say them nay; wherever there was need, there were her tender ministrations. Her experience in nursing made her invaluable in sickness, and her sympathetic words brought comfort to many an afflicted heart.

Clara's letter called forth the following response from her grandfather :—

"15TH SECOND MONTH, 1ST DAY.

"MY DEAR BIRDIE,

Since thou hast chosen thy mate, God bless thee and him. I am glad thou wilt be married on the 20th of Sixth Month, for then thou wilt be eighteen. I cannot come to thee, for Sister Ruth is with me, and she is very feeble; but I want to be present at that happy time. Canst thou not come to me? Thou mayest bring all thy friends with thee; I will see they are accommodated. And wilt thou please thy old grandpa, and wear a plain white dress, such as thou didst wear when thou wast with me? I give thee to Charles with all my heart, and I leave ye both in our Heavenly Father's keeping Do not forget the lessons of holy duty thou didst learn when thou wast with thy poor old grandfather. And now, birdie, farewell."

When the roses were in bloom, and when the air was perfumed with the scent of apple-blossoms, while feathered warblers made the country jubilant with song, a party plainly yet richly dressed might have been seen walking slowly up the hill that led to the pine-embowered cottage. The bride wore a simple white dress, the work of her own hands before she

ever dreamed of the gay world in which she was to shine.

The country folk were already there. The cottage being too small for their reception, a desk had been improvised in an adjoining hemlock grove; the Bible and Prayer Book were laid upon it. There, in God's first temple, as the poet says, stood the clergyman in his robes; and while the breeze rippled through the boughs and the birds sang about them, the holy words were said, the pledge was given and received that made visible union—for long before their hearts had been bound with the harmonious cord of love. A table was spread in the cottage, with cold meats, cake, and coffee, to which all helped themselves at pleasure.

Charles and Clara mingled with the company, and answered their kind congratulations with sweet smiles and pleasant words. At the request of the bride, the wedding-tour was dispensed with, and the sum that would have been thus expended was given to her grandpa, to enlarge his opportunities of doing good.

Clara became the mistress of a tasteful and luxurious home, and a star in the galaxy of beauty and fashion; but underlying all were the pure principles so carefully instilled by the dear grandfather who had watched over her youth.

On every yearly-meeting evening, her rich and fashionable acquaintances knew that Mrs. Appleton would

not be at home to them; but her door was hospitably open to country friends. Whether rich or poor, it did not matter; there they were cordially invited to rest, and their sweet peaceful ways softened the brilliant tinting of her rosy life.

To a college mate Charles Appleton writes as follows:—"I became a Benedict because an angel crossed my path. Her warm and tender smile dissolved the ice in my heart, filled my life with light, and made me a new man. I could no more live without her than I could breathe without air. This is WHY I BECAME A BENEDICT."

Washington's Rock.

The golden days of summer enjoyment were fast drawing to their close. While staying at Lawn Villa, in the picturesque town of Summit, I was surrounded by all that art, cultivation, and the endearments of friendship could contribute to beautify, sweeten, and ennoble life. It was not strange, then, that the thought of parting with these rose-colored hours should awaken regret. Like the gold and purple of the setting sun, they were destined to pass away,—but not like them to fade and die. Oh no; they were to live and shine through the vicissitudes of years, to warm and brighten the soul with their delightful memories.

Many of the boarders at the hotel were friends of my host and hostess; most of our evenings, therefore, were passed in social gatherings, hops, tableaux, mirth, and song. One was spent in celebrating a scientific triumph—the laying of the Atlantic cable. Not one black cloud darkened the cerulean sky of that never-to-be-forgotten summer.

On the 16th of September, an excursion to Washington's Rock was gotten up for my gratification. The

air was soft and balmy. The great king of day, beaming with splendor, smiled beneficently on the mountains glowing with his light, on the pretty town of Summit, with its verdure-clad hills; and down, far down, he smiled into happy hearts, where the music of joy and gladness responded to his brightness.

In the cool of the morning, while the flowers were yet jewelled with dew, a chartered stage stood before the ornate gate of Lawn Villa; but the friends seated in it had not long to wait. An expectant party trod the gravelled path, and there was a hearty shaking of hands. Soon the horses started. Our way lay through sequestered valleys, lovely plains, and picturesque gorges, over hills and mountains, past towns and villages. While the eye took in scenes of beauty and grandeur, the lips were vocal with the interchange of kindly thought.

On our arrival, a panorama of wonderful beauty charmed the eye. From the rock we descried the Palisades, the verdant shores of Staten Island, and even the steeple of Trinity Church. The atmosphere was so clear it seemed as if half the world lay stretched before us. One of the party, a Spaniard who had travelled much, said he had never before seen anything so beautiful.

The rock was carved with names innumerable. Here Washington took his stand when the British army lay

between Brunswick and Elizabethtown. Here the prayers of the Christian hero went up to the living God, the mighty Jehovah, his solace in calamity, his trust in discouragement, his strength in the day of battle. Near the sacred spot was a platform, also thickly cut with names. The telescope had been broken the day before; otherwise a more extended view might have been obtained.

The cloth was spread on the green grass, and we sat down to a delightful collation prepared by my excellent hostess and her friends. We rambled about, laughed, and talked, till the declining sun warned us to take our way homeward. It was dark when we reached Lawn Villa, tired yet charmed.

A few days after, we who had thus enjoyed the amenities of social life together, separated, and since that summer our paths have never crossed. So it is in life; we meet, we touch each other's hand, we mingle in scenes of conviviality. We blend our sympathies in the peaceful pleasures of home, and then parting become like utter strangers. But, if in the lapse of years we chance to meet again, the eyes sparkle, smiles play round the lips, and hand grasps hand in friendship; for the summer warmth comes back to the heart again.

Thoughts Suggested by the Seasons.

To Mr. Chamberlain, my tried and faithful friend, these humble effusions are gratefully dedicated.

Dear Friend:—Your unwearied kindness shed around my path the sunshine of perpetual joy. In the spring-time of my life it caused the buds of hope to bloom in my soul, unblighted by harsh words, or the more chilling breath of cold indifference.

Perchance 'tis strange, yes, very strange,
That one who ne'er has seen,
Should dare portray the varied change
Of flower and herbage green.

But self-conceit deludes the throng;
Presumption, too, of late,
Puts forth her title to a song,
Unmindful of its fate.

Each sounds his own loud trump of fame,
And feels himself a man,
And gathers laurels for his name
As brilliant as he can.

Therefore, with kindly heart, forgive
Presumptuous little me,
Who, from the book of Nature bright,
Aspires to read to thee.

SPRING.

Now Nature is tuning her wild harp again;
Young Spring cometh forth with her burden of flowers;
The sunbeams are peeping in valley and glen,
And the wood-thrush and cuckoo are chiming the hours.

The earth is enrobing herself, with delight,
In her mantle of green, and the ice bids good-bye;
The cattle lie down, while the lab'rer looks bright,
For the smile of contentment is gladd'ning his eye.

And the children halloo as they hurry away,
Over meadow and fence, to the wide-spreading tree;
They are laughing and singing, for health's rosy ray
Is mantling each cheek gaily dimpled with glee.

And rolling on high are the silver clouds seen,
While the landscape is glowing with purple and gold;
How sweet to repose 'neath the wild leafy screen,
While the shepherd is calling his lambs to the fold!

And crocus and primrose, with each genial morn,
Are op'ning their charms to the sun's burning kiss;

And each vernal shower is a benison, born
To gladden the earth with its virginal bliss.

There's joy on the mountain, there's joy in the vale,
There's joy in the bloom of each scented parterre,
There's joy in the sunshine, there's joy in the gale,
There's joy to the aged, the young, and the fair.

SPRING.

Spring is the aurora of hope, peeping into the heart's most secret depths, and waking, with no unskilful hand, its sleeping chords to sweetest harmony, ere its purer emotions are contaminated by the touch of earthly selfishness. 'Tis the halo of life, gathering radiance with the decline of each successive year. And age, poor trembling age, feels the vigor of youth rekindle in its bosom, as anon it re-enters this golden season.

SUMMER.

'Tis the balmy air of evening
Playing with the nodding flowers,
While the whippoorwill is singing
Far remote in woodland bowers.
Homeward turns the cheerful laborer,

While his children throng the door,
Waiting for a father's blessing,
For his loving kiss once more.
Love and Friendship twine the chaplet
Meet to grace his weary brow;
In his elbow-chair reclining,
Ah! what harm can reach him now?
Hark! their song of praise is swelling
On the silent air of even,
Far the golden stars out-soaring,
Floating to the gates of Heaven.
With the morn's resplendent brightness
Beauteous flowers are opening new,
Rose and lily, pink and hawthorn,
Jessamine and violet blue.
In the pleasant hush of evening,
Oh! how sweet to meditate
On the joys reserved in Heaven
For the soul immaculate.
Yes, the golden tints of Summer
Cheer us on life's rugged road;
'Tis the time for holy musing,
When the heart goes up to God.

SUMMER.

Spring, with its array of bright dreams and golden visions, has passed; and Summer, the noontide of the soul, bright, balmy and beautiful, has come. The grateful heart expands with admiration, while contemplating

the infinite wisdom and wonderful skill of the beneficent Creator of heaven and earth. All nature teems with loveliness, and conveys a lesson of deepest import to the human soul. Happy are they who purchase the pearl of great price ere the cold winds of Autumn, or the Winter of eternal death, palsy the fingers and still the heart forever! How acceptable to God is the free-will offering of young and tender hearts! Them will the Shepherd of Israel lead, through the green pastures of hope, up to the distant hills of Life; and the golden gates of the New Jerusalem shall open, with the sound of sweet music, to their call.

AUTUMN.

The soothing breeze that fanned the wanderer's cheek,
And stole the fragrance from the Summer flowers,
Has died away—'tis Nature's burial.
The frost-king's glittering chariot rolls by,
And beauty vanisheth beneath its wheels!
The matin songs of merry birds are hushed,
And tuneful Echo's mournful tones alone
Recall the memory of that golden time.
The winged winds, that dolefully along
Old ocean sweep, its crested billows toss
In fury wild; then, playing with their foam,
Sink down, far down, to coral caves unknown,
Where glide the mermaids in their shell-built boats,
Or Æolus greet among his caverned isles;

Then rock the forest like a cradled child,
Making sad wailing 'mong the leafless trees.
The rugged pines in majesty sublime
Bow their high heads before the lightning's stroke,
And dead leaves crackle 'neath the traveller's step.
All wear the phase of melancholy change.

AUTUMN.

Life is ebbing in its Autumn-time. The bright delusions of its golden Spring have melted away like the morning dew, and the midday's sun, that with effulgence lighted up its Summer and gave such brilliancy to the countless beauties of that delightful season, has also passed; but the calm serenity and holy peace with which the soul was filled still exists, and gentle friendship loves to soothe the evening hours of life. 'Tis sweet to hear from the lips of some revered friend an account of the innocent pleasures of his childhood, till his heart glows with ecstasy, and he forgets for a while through what long journey of time he has travelled—forgets the eternity hard by, upon whose verge he stands. How much of sorrow, how much of joy, how much of sage experience, may the lips of the aged impart to the young! The inspired Word commands us to "rise up before the hoary head," and blessed shall they be who, in the morning of life, observe that sacred precept.

WINTER.

Life wears its brightest, gayest phase,
Though Winter wraps the passing days
  In vest of purest snow;
For friends long parted gather now,
And smiles illume each joy-wreathed brow,
  And buds of feeling grow.

For flowers of never-fading hue,
Of fragrant breath and heavenly dew,
  Adorn the human soul;
And purer, sweeter, grow those flowers,
When holy deeds and tears of ours
  Deny the world's control:

When generous hearts, expanding wide
With Christian love's all-hallowing tide,
  Seek out the suffering poor,
In cellars dark, in garrets lone,
When fitfully the wind's sad moan
  Howls through the broken door.

The frost-gemmed windows, to the light,
Of varied forms and fancies bright
  Tell tales of joy the while;
The honest farmer's holiday,
White Winter rules with cheerful sway,
  And charms with genial smile.

And tinkling bells are heard afar,
While mildly beams the evening star

On the glad throng below;
The harmless jest and merry song,
And gleeful laugh that floats along,
Tell of the young heart's glow.

CLOSE.

We have seen how each season presents a charm peculiar to itself. Every variation of climate, every variety of scenery, is fraught with beauties which delight the eye and gratify the heart. Dear and much-loved friends! in the spring of rapture, in the summer of peaceful quiet, in the autumn of disappointment, and in the winter of ease—in your fatherly counsel my weakness found strength, in your unwearied kindness my grief a solace.

What is death? Death, to the Christian, is the opening of the gates of light. The soul wins the goal for which it so long and tirelessly struggled while on earth, and the brow is encircled with a golden crown of glory. Friend of my soul! perchance by the waters of life we may meet, and talk of the joys and sorrows of this nether world. Till life's fading evening shall waft thy worn and weary heart to the haven of everlasting rest, may Peace, celestial Peace, be the guest of thy bosom!

Affection's Tribute,

ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A FRIEND'S ENGAGEMENT.

There is joy for thee in the morning sky,
In the brook as it dances merrily by,
In the robin and cuckoo that sing in the tree;
There is joy in the flowers, for they speak to thee
Of beauty and fragrance transcendently bright,
Of the rainbow of love that makes life all light.

There's joy in the glances, the smiles of thy home;
Joy in the friends who about thee come;
In the beautiful stars as they gleam on the sight,
There's joy in the moonbeams so pure and white:
All voices of nature have joy for thee,
For love thrills thee through with divine harmony.

The joy will be lasting, if only thou tread
In the footsteps of Jesus, our Saviour and head;
Will glint through the shadows of sorrow's deep night,
Illumine life's changes with sunshine and light:
And at even thy soul's sweetest music will be—
I have lived to my Saviour—he liveth in me.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER AN ANNIVERSARY AT THE HOME.

[The day was dark and stormy; but when they led me forth to pronounce my address, the sun came out and shone while I was speaking, for the first and only time during the day. This I called my Heavenly Father's smile.]

I could not see it, Father—
  Thy smile so warm and bright;
I could not gaze enraptured—
  These orbs are veiled in night.
But it thrilled my inmost being
  With joy's exquisite tone,
To know thy smile was on me,
  That I was not alone.

And oh! how bright and beautiful
  That smile will seem to me,
In the deep, dark gloom of midnight,
  When only thou canst see;
Or in the morn resplendent
  With gold and crimson hues,
When flowers first open to the sun
  Their petals bright with dews.

When grief or bitter anguish
  Lies heavy on this heart,
The memory of my Father's smile
  Will oil and wine impart;

'Twill heal the wound though bleeding,
'Twill nerve the soul to bear
The cross of every poignant pang,
Of every needed care.

I thank thee, Heavenly Father,
For thy dear and welcome smile;
It is the sunbeam of my soul,
It cheers me all the while.
And when life's cares are over,
When faith is changed to sight,
I'll bless thee, Father, for thy smile
That made the darkness light.

THE BIBLE.

Though life seems like a fairy dream,
And roseate hope's delusive beam
Paints earth with radiant hues of light,
And robes each thing with beauty bright,
These glittering charms must pass away—
Turn to thy Bible, turn and pray.

Its words of love by God were given,
To win his earth-born sons to heaven.
Ephemeral joys too quickly die,
And clouds obscure thy brilliant sky;
Thou hast a refuge in that day—
Turn to thy Bible, turn and pray.

The peace of God, a joy divine,
One promised hope will still be thine.
The hope of Heaven's celestial light
More brightly shines through sorrow's night;
It gems with ever-glorious ray
Thy blessed Bible—turn and pray.

It bids the heart by grief oppressed
Its burden cast on Jesus' breast;
It sends despairing thoughts afar,
By the pure light of Bethlehem's star.
From sin and sorrow turn away;
Turn to thy Bible, read and pray.

Learn to endure, to wait, to trust;
Thy God is merciful and just.
Nor will he leave his helpless one
Forsaken, desolate, and lone;
No, cheered by faith's inspiring ray,
Turn to thy Bible, read and pray.

Let faith thy fearful steps illume,
Reflect its glory round the tomb;
The gates of Heaven unbarred shall be,
Thou shalt thy God, thy Saviour, see.
Thy Bible speaks—it points the way;
Turn to thy Bible, read and pray.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A SON OF ALONZO R. CUSHMAN, AGED THIRTEEN.

I know your bleeding hearts
Are agonized with pain;
The young, the cherished one departs,
And comes not back again.

Those mild, soft words of his
Woke love's exquisite thrill;
His winning smile, his last fond kiss,
Play round your heart-strings still.

One less to glad the ear;
One less to charm the sight;
One less to breathe his evening prayer,
To say to all "good night."

And ever and anon
Will dear mementos come
Of your dead child, your darling one—
The sunbeam of your home.

Those tears kept back by grief
Will in the heart sink down;
Jesus alone can give relief,
He wore the thorny crown.

He wept as now ye weep;
He knows the weight of woe,

The torturing pangs that will not sleep,
That rend your bosoms so.

These are the hours most fraught
With tender love divine ;
The souls with precious ransom bought,
Ere with the Lord they shine,

Must feel the thorns of earth,
Ere reaching heavenly peace,
The rapture of a holier birth,
A love that cannot cease.

So young, of bliss the heir!
Oh! is it not sweet joy
To know that taint of sin can ne'er
Pollute your darling boy?

He might not linger here,
God's holy will is best;
Gone from temptation's hidden snare,
Gone from the world's unrest.

In faith go hand in hand,
Kneel to the Saviour mild,
And see among yon glittering band,
Your own beloved child,

Gathering the flowers most fair
That gem his home of light;
His glorious home ye too may share,
When faith is changed to sight.

SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Seventeen years of heavenly fruitage,
  Golden with the wealth of love,
Fragrant with affection's incense,
  Leave us naught but joy to prove:
Closer, closer, is the tie
That we knit in years gone by.

Seventeen years, love! see our treasures,
  Three in number, near us play,
Yielding strength and giving gladness,
  Casting sunbeams on our way.
One is with the angels singing,
Where the flowers of life are springing.

Seventeen years—Oh! may we linger
  Longer by each other's side,
For our hearts will be as youthful
  As the day you were my bride.
Winter's snows cannot destroy
Love's perennial flowers of joy.

May the path that lies before us
  Be like that our lives have seen;
May our lambs be led by Jesus
  Through his pastures fresh and green;
We our strength as weakness own,
We must supplicate the throne.

Supplicate from God our Saviour
  Wisdom as we pass along,

That their souls may be enlightened,
Be in virtue firm and strong;
That in man and womanhood
They may be the truly good.

Thus their lives will be immortal,
Thus our own with theirs may blend,
Standing near the God of glory
At whose footstool low we bend;
This will far o'erpay the years
Spent for them in works and prayers.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF A MOTHER'S DEATH.

I woke from sleep's enchantment,
The tears were falling fast;
Oh! I was weeping, mother,
Was weeping o'er the past.
I kissed my hand, dear mother,
And thought how sweet 't would be,
To feel once more upon my brow
One loving kiss from thee.

'Tis but a year, sweet mother,
Since I knelt beside thy bed,
And held thine icy hand in mine,
But I could not think thee dead!

I kissed thy brow, my mother,
Closed thy dear eyes the while,
That morn and night were wont to greet
Thy child with love's sweet smile.

Oh! I am weeping, mother!
'Tis but a year ago
I heard the murmuring cadence
Of thy voice so sweet and low—
"I leave thee to thy Saviour,
My darling and my joy;
Thy God will be thy father,
My own beloved boy."

Oh! would, my angel mother,
Thou couldst look down from Heaven,
And see how fraught with blessings
Are the precepts thou hast given!
Far sweeter than earth's music
Were thy words of love to me;
Dearer than soft Eolian tones,
Or richest harmony.

'Tis but a year, sweet mother,
Since I knelt beside thy bed,
And caught thy last, faint, quivering breath,
And sobbed out, "She is dead!"
And thou art dead, sweet mother,
But not to me,—Oh no!
A love so pure, so strong as thine,
Eternal years must know.

HARRY'S BRIDAL MORN.

Joy to thee, Harry! exquisitely sweet
Is the sunbeam of love, as it plays round thy heart;
With rapture unbounded this rosy morn greet,
For it brings to thee *one* that will nevermore part—

That will nevermore part from the shelter of love
She finds in thy presence, she finds at thy side;
'Twill be thy blest lot through life's journey to prove
The wealth of affection that lives in thy bride.

As her soft eye confidingly turns up to thine,
'Tis rapturous delight her protector to be,
To cause o'er her pathway bright blessings to shine,
As together ye glide o'er life's changeable sea.

May she solace each sorrow, and sweeten each joy,
That ye share as through life's checkered pathway ye go;
Till ye drink the sweet waters that never will cloy,
From the River of Life, which forever must flow,

Through the regions of glory, where dazzlingly bright
The Father is seated, the home of the blest;
Where with lustre unchanging the Lamb's holy light
Is shining forever—the haven of rest.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE REV. MR. OLSSEN.

Two beauteous flowers that graced parental love
And earth perfumed, have withered side by side,
And crushed hearts bow submissively to prove
God's holy will, and yet by faith abide.

They would not ask why these sweet flowers were given
To bloom so brightly, then to fade away;
Why the strong tie of pure deep love was riven,
Why they who gladdened might not longer stay!

No; 'tis not ours to ask our Father God
Why fades the bright, why sinks the glowing sun;
But like our Lord to walk the rough straight road,
And learn like him to say, "Thy will be done."

Brother and sister might not parted be;
They kissed, and laid them down to death's last sleep;
Sweet flowers are nestling 'neath the sheltering tree,
And o'er their graves love's tender vigils keep.

These little ones repose on Jesus' breast,
Or walk transported 'mid the fields of light;
In his white robes of righteousness are dressed,
And tune their harps where faith is changed to sight.

They closer bind to their angelic home
Those stricken hearts, bleeding at every pore:
Sweet voices seem to whisper, "Mother, come—
Father, look up and weep for us no more."

Oh! how these well-remembered voices cheer
Their fainting footsteps! How they charm away
The heart's keen anguish and the gushing tear,
And strength is given to live another day.

And as they walk, by trusting faith illumed
And memories of the past, the fragrant breath
Of the sweet flowers that on their bosoms bloomed
Will soothe their progress to the gates of death.

FRIENDSHIP'S WHISPERS.

In the hush of evening when the stars are bright,
When the flowers are whisp'ring to the earth good-night,
When the birds are sleeping on yon maple tree,
Then my heart is keeping thoughts of thee.

When the beams of morning dissipate the night,
When the streams are dancing in the sun's glad light,
When the woodland songsters make their minstrelsy,
Then my heart is keeping thoughts of thee.

When the holy Sabbath, by Jehovah blest,
Bringeth to the weary peacefulness and rest,
When the bell is sounding over hill and lea,
Then my heart is keeping thoughts of thee.

When the pealing organ floats along the air,
When the people's voices blend in praise and prayer,
Or in meek confession humbly bend the knee,
Then my heart is keeping thoughts of thee.

In the still dark moments when the angels come
On their wings of glory from their heavenly home,
When the Saviour bids them softly speak to me,
Then my heart is keeping thoughts of thee.

I cannot forget thee as I pass along,
Catching moans of sorrow or the voice of song;
For our souls have mingled, oh! so pleasantly,
And my heart is keeping thoughts of thee.

THE FALL OF THE DINNER-POT.

To all who have an hour to spend,
I'll sing a little song;
Please promise me you will not smile,
When told it can't be long.

Of death, of loss of property,
Of blighted hope and love;
Of friends that coil around the heart,
And then deceptive prove?

Ah! there are hues of darker shade
Reserved for each poor sinner;
But none their withering blast can know
Who has not lost his dinner!

Seated in social converse sweet,
The hours fled quickly past:
And oft we turned, in hope to hear
The dinner-bell at last.

And as the kitchen door would ope,
Was the olfactory nerve
Aye greeted by a savory smell,
Which would as whetstone serve

Of appetite. Table and chairs
All in their places stood,
And needed but their occupants
And stores of savory food.

What means that loud, tremendous crash?
Why startle with affright?
Why stands aghast yon trembling girl,
With lips so ashy white?

"Ah me! my dear," said Mrs. P.,
"Ours is a woful lot;
An accident—our careful girl's
Upset the dinner-pot.

Yes; there's a most delicious stew
Lies strewn along the floor!
I'm sure those boards have never known
Such feasting times before."

Each to the other comfort spoke,
For, from a bounteous store,
An humbler meal the table graced:
We ate, and laughed once more.

And all agreed with one accord
That we'd forget it not,—
The day on which our hopes fell down
With that said dinner-pot.

DIRGE OF LIFE.

Life is mournful, life is dreary,
And my heart is sick and weary,
For the rainbow hopes of years
Suddenly dissolve in tears;
And my heart is sick and weary.

Poor, forsaken, crushed, and lonely,
Sighing as the night-winds only,
Wrapped in deep Cimmerian gloom,
I am passing to the tomb;
And my heart is sick and weary.

Shrinking from the dread to-morrow,
For the cold black waves of sorrow
Lift their angry foam on high.
Then I murmur, let me die,
For my heart is sick and weary.

FRIENDSHIP'S PRAYER

FOR MRS. RUSSELL AND HER FAMILY, ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

Take her, Father, in thy keeping,
Bid thine angels near her be,
While her loved ones round are sleeping
On the dark and treacherous sea;
Tenderly thy hand-maid guide
O'er the waste of waters wide.

May she cull the sweetest flowers
  Thou dost give thy children here;
In those bright and jewelled hours,
  May she know that thou art near;
Lovingly, O Father, be
Guardian of the cherished three!

In the valley, on the mountain,
  In the grove, or near the stream,
In the dim wood, by the fountain,
  On the lake in sunlight gleam,
Still, O Father, hear my prayer—
Guard them with thy tender care!

When they view the great creations
  Of the mighty now in dust,
And the sepulchre of nations
  Who made not the Lord their trust,
May their souls adore and bless
Thee, the God of righteousness,

For the noble land where learning
  Freely to the poor is given,
Where no fettered soul is turning
  With its weight of woe to Heaven;
But the torch of freedom bright
Burns with steadfast, glorious light.

May they drink in nature's treasures,
  Revel in the wealth of art,
Join in genial social pleasures,
  Gather sunbeams from the heart:

Still, O Father, hear my prayer—
Let them be thy constant care!

Bring them back in peace and gladness,
When the autumn tints appear,
With their hearts untouched by sadness,
To the friends who wait them here:
Bring them safely o'er the main,
Father, back to us again!

IN MEMORIAM

ISAAC D. RUSSELL.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Even so, Father, let it be,
Though hearts bereaved are sore and bleeding,
Though in the dark no light we see
And weakness for thy strength is pleading;
Yet as it seemeth good to thee,
Even so, Father, let it be.

He was a day-spring—more—a light,
So warm, so genial, kind, and tender;
His living made our lives more bright,
His holy deeds we'll long remember;
Now God will have him all his own,
Whose deeds perfumed his radiant throne.

He suffered meekly, patiently,
And murmuring word was never spoken;

He bore heart-anguish silently,
Though one by one hope's flowers were broken;
Serene as summer there he lay,
And wore his strength, his life away.

They bore him to his city home,
While child's and mother's heart were breaking;
Yet would faith's soothing whisper come,
This is his soul's eternal waking;
'Tis with the Lord of life and light,
Who conquered death's all-conquering might.

Let him repose on earth's green breast;
Above will summer birds be singing,
Where golden sunbeams love to rest
And beauteous flowers their sweets are flinging;
Soft let the earth upon him fall,
For widowed love has lost its all.

The sounds her quivering heart-strings tear,
How could a tie so strong e'er sever?
Oh! must she turn and leave him there,
Whose life seemed one with hers forever?
Yet earth-rent ties are knit in Heaven,
For Jesus died and light is given.

Father, they own thy guidance right,
They feel thy ways are ways of blessing;
They know the night precedes the light,
And, thy deep love their souls possessing,
In humble resignation stay
Till night dissolves in perfect day.

TRUST IN GOD.

DEDICATED TO MRS. MILLNER.

Never weary in the path
  Our dear Lord and Saviour trod;
Let the glorious torch of faith,
Burning with undying ray,
Be thy guide o'er life's rough way—
  It will lead thee safe to God.

Never let thy courage die,
  Though temptations round thee throng.
Lift aloft thy timid eye!
See, the pitying Saviour stands,
Nerving hearts and strengthening hands.
  Though the stormy winds be strong,

Faith in God is stronger yet:
  Armed with his celestial might,
Heir of glory, ne'er forget,
Though the furious breakers wild
O'er thee dash, thou art his child,
  And shalt conquer in the fight.

Walk in faith submissively
  To thy Father's wiser will;
Let his love thy magnet be.
Though thy bleeding heart be torn,
Though no ray of hope be born,
  Trusting heart, be still, be still!

Never heed the tempest's roar,
  Never heed though empires fall;
Trust Jehovah as of yore—
At his fiat nations move;
In the plenitude of love,
  God is ruling over all!

Though thy way be veiled in night,
  Though no ray thine eye can see,
He can lead thee to the light:
He with watchful tender care
Numbers every single hair;
  Can that God forgetful be?

Father, God, thy will be done!
  Though the chastening rod be given,
I will trust and struggle on;
Only let thy pitying love,
Father, sometimes from above
  Cheer me with a glimpse of Heaven.

Father, God, thy will be done,
  If through suffering patiently
Glory's crown at last be won!
Let my soul's adornments be
Patience, love, humility—
  Give the path of tears to me.

WELCOME HOME.

Welcome from the rifting sea,
  Darling of thy home, once more!
Loving hearts have pined for thee,
  Welcome to the scenes of yore;
Light and love about thee come,
Jenny, Jenny, welcome home!

Welcome to the trusting love
  That to thee thy kindred bear,
To the earnest words that prove
  All their tenderness and care;
Welcome, nevermore to roam—
Jenny, Jenny, welcome home!

Welcome! for thy voice, thy smile,
  Are as sunbeams ever bright;
Soothing sympathy the while
  Makes the deepest darkness light:
Radiant hopes thy path illume—
Jenny, Jenny, welcome home!

Welcome! for thy heart is ours,
  And our strength shall be thy stay;
Pure affection's holiest flowers
  Are not destined to decay:
Young and old around thee come—
Jenny, Jenny, welcome home!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

A poem recited at the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. FLOYD SMITH, May 23, 1862.

Pure affection's fond devotion
Thrills each glowing heart to-night;
Rapture's holy high emotion
Kindles warm ecstatic light;
For the angelic throngs on high
Bless this fair sight.

Fifty years since at the altar
Stood a young and joyous bride.
Could those heaven-breathed vows e'er falter,
As ye wandered side by side?
No; the Lord of life and love
Was made your guide.

Fifty years—how swift, how fleeting!
Now they seem but as a day;
Fifty years—and still ye're keeping
Love's sweet vigil o'er life's way,
Sharing joys and sharing sorrows
While here ye stay.

Ye behold your children's children,
Jewelled links of heavenly love,
Sparkling as the gems of morning,
Fresh from God's dear hand above,
Gathering gaily round your hearth-stone
And whispering love.

Ye have taught the lyre to warble
  Music from the upper sky;
In the soul's deep fount created
  Golden thoughts that never die—
Thoughts inspired by deeds of love,
    That live for aye.

Honored, loved, revered, remembered,
  Shall your names forever be;
For your hearts vibrated sweetly
  To the touch of sympathy:
The forsaken, desolate,
    Your crown shall be.

May your lives be always golden,
  'Mid the sunshine, 'mid the rain,
With the dew of God's own blessing,
  And the life that lives again!
Every heart in this assemblage
    Responds "Amen!"

LINES

ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER ARCTIC.

A beauteous palace on the deep,
  Majestic glides its waters o'er;
The crested billows seem to sleep,
  Hushed are the storm-winds by the shore.

There sheds sweet Hope her radiant light;
  There youthful hearts expectant beat;
The eyes of age grow strangely bright,
  While childhood feels its influence sweet.

For hallowed thoughts of friends most dear
  Softer than music o'er them come;
The father's kiss, the mother's tear,
  The husband's loving welcome home.

Anon, the frantic shriek of woe,
  The deep-toned groan of man's despair!
Hot, silent tears of anguish flow,
  While Faith sends up the earnest prayer.

The husband clasps his darling wife,
  And fondly she her little child;
All seek the blessed boon of life,
  Struggling amid the waters wild.

Pure hearts that angels bless above,
  Fond eyes for others' woe that weep—
Oh! what rich stores of human love
  Sink down forever in the deep!

Our gentle Anna sleeping there,—
  Her sparkling eye and thoughtful brow,
The low-toned voice to friendship dear,
  And kindly words, we hear them now.

We hear them now; in memory's bowers
  They leave a soft perpetual bloom;
The fragrance of those deathless flowers
  Gilds with immortal light the tomb.

Sleep, dear ones, in your shell-formed bed,
Till God's omniscient voice ye hear;
Then, ocean, earth, yield up your dead,
Christ the Redeemer, Saviour, 's near.

Bind up the wounded, broken heart,
Dear Lord, our comforter and stay;
Bid each regretful thought depart,
And chase the gloom of grief away.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. DR. TURNER.

A great good man has fallen;
But all his acts of love
Most surely are recorded
By angel hands above:
And not one smile of kindness
Can ever pass away,
For sunny youth and hoary age
Reflect its golden ray.

The church has lost a treasure;
But his pure thoughts will shine,
With never-fading lustre,
Far down the vale of time.
Dear, holy, happy Christmas
Comes with its festive store;
But the cypress shades the altar—
We see his face no more.

His scholars mourn his exit;
They never can forget
His words of kindly welcome—
They garland memory yet.
'Twas joy untold to know him;
And knowledge brighter shone,
When the flowers of his affection
Among its pearls were thrown.

Oh! 'twas a priceless blessing
In social life to find
A friendship so ennobling,
So constant, warm, and kind;
It tinged with hues of gladness
The dark and dreary hours;
It breathed celestial music,
It filled the heart with flowers.

Let the sweet dew of comfort
Drop, Father, from above,
On the worn and anguished spirits
Of the children of his love;
Let blessed resignation
Bid grief's dark waves be still,
And peace, O pitying Saviour,
Their stricken bosoms fill!

Praise to thy name, Jehovah!
Faith's glorious work is done;
This mortal is immortal,
Triumphing through thy Son.

No more the cross of suffering,
  But a jewelled crown most bright
Adorns the brow of the holy man,
  Heir of eternal light.

TO EMILY.

May no blighting care or sadness
Cloud thy sunny sky of gladness,
  Through life's checkered road;
But in youth's resplendent morning,
With a fond and tender yearning,
May thy guileless heart be turning
  To its Maker, God.

When life's winning smile is o'er thee,
When no shadow flits before thee,
  Then remember God;
When sweet friendship's flowers are springing,
On thy soul their perfume flinging,
When the bird of hope is singing,
  Then remember God.

When thy every day is clouded,
When thy joy in grief is shrouded,
  Then remember God;
When sweet friendship's flowers are dying,
When thy soul for rest is sighing,
And e'en hope away is flying,
  Then remember God.

When thy heart with grief's o'erflowing,
Naught of earthly comfort knowing,
  Then remember God;
Cast thy burden on thy Saviour—
In his kind and gracious favor
Thou shalt find sweet comfort ever:
  Then remember God.

From thy sins he fain would move thee,
Yet with trials he would prove thee,
  Then remember God;
'Neath the wings of his protection,
Let thy heart's deep warm affection
Seek alone divine direction:
  Oh! remember God.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S LEAP.

[These thoughts were suggested to the writer while standing on Putnam's Hill, at Greenwich, Conn. The precipitous flight of steps down which the General made his escape on horseback, has been taken away; and it is difficult for us at this remote day to realize the great peril of the adventure.]

Rushing with the speed of lightning,
  O'er the frozen ground he flew,—
Rushing breathless, rushing wildly,
  For the hurrying foe pursue.
Near and nearer they are coming,
  They are gaining on him still!

Riding with the whirlwind's fleetness,
With the might of manly will,
Nothing daunted, pressing onward,
He has gained the dangerous hill.

Liberty has nerved his spirit,
And its light is in his eye:
"By the Yankee soul within me,
I'll be free, or else I'll die!
Never shall these limbs be fettered,—
I will conquer in the fight,
Or be lost in bloodiest battle,
In the glorious cause of right."

Forward yet with strength unfailing,
Followed closely by the foe,
Down the rocky steps he gallops,
Thundering to the plains below!
Halting on the heights, the British
Cry, "He's lost—the race is won!"
But beyond their reach, in triumph,
Rides the dauntless hero on.

Smiles irradiate his features
As he waves his hat on high,
And his voice rings through the distance,
Bidding them a gay good-bye.
Gazing still, they cried, "We're baffled!"
Turned they from the rock away.
Did they meet again? Yes, often,
In the fierce and bloody fray;

For the earth was dyed with purple
E'er the dawn of freedom's day.

Feeble, few, yet firm and faithful,
Was that valiant Pilgrim band;
Freely was their life-blood offered,
To defend their native land;
Yes, the pearl we now are wearing
Was the purchase of their heart.
Oh! by all that makes life precious,
Never, never with it part!
Let the glory of its splendor
Down through coming ages dart

From its lustrous scintillations
Spring prosperity and might;
Guard it with unwearying vigil,
Guard it as your life, your light!
For, should ruthless hand destroy it,
Sinks our land in rayless night.

Let no wily politician
Dare to dim its faintest ray;
North and South, in one strong phalanx,
Rise, should secret foe betray!
Ye are brothers, for our fathers,
Side by side, to make us free,
Gave the heroes' holiest offering,
Blood and life, for Liberty.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SILAS BROWN, A GENEROUS FRIEND OF THE BLIND.

An aged saint beloved on earth,
Dear to his Saviour and his God,
Whose pious deeds of heavenly birth
Cheered sorrow's children on life's road,
Sweetly in Jesus fell asleep,
And left the desolate to weep.

Yet still he lives! The hallowed light
Of his example shines below,
Diffusing holy radiance bright
O'er the dark vale of earthly woe.
Oh! let us tread the path he trod—
The path of peace, of love to God.

Oh! well do I remember now
His feeling heart, his voice so kind;
How wreathed with smiles was each young brow,
When the dear guardian of the blind
Gladdened our home with gentle tone,
And made our little griefs his own.

Those generous friends of early day,
Who toiled to make our lot more blest,
Are passing one by one away,—
Gone from this weary world's unrest,
To reap in heaven their bright reward,
And ever be with God, the Lord.

We mourn their loss who knew them best,
And heartfelt tears of grief will come
O'er the dear memories of the blest,
Bright day-star of our childhood's home,
While gratitude's immortal song
Re-echoes names remembered long.

Ye who were twined by earliest love
Around each fibre of his soul,
Who felt his spirit's softest move
And yielded to his sweet control,
With yours our prayers and tears we blend,
Who mourn a guardian and a friend.

Father in Heaven, 'twas thou alone
That gav'st that friend to cheer our path,
Who stands before thy radiant throne
Victorious o'er the power of death;
We bow, we kiss thy chastening rod—
Thy will be done, our Father, God!

PARTING AND MEETING.

Oh! there are moments when the heart's deep woe
Rejects the balm of consolation sweet;
When the hot tears of parting anguish flow,
And the dear ones we erst were wont to greet
With love's sweet incense bid us sad adieu,
And, like the crimson hues of day's declining,
Fade fast away and vanish from our view,
Leaving but darkness where the sun was shining.

Oh! there are hours when faithful memory pours
The gush of feeling and of wealth untold,
When joy exquisite opes the long-closed doors,
And hearts exultant cannot be controlled;
For friends long parted meet on earth once more,
And hand clasps hand—'tis real bliss, not seeming;
And glad thoughts gem the happy soul all o'er,
Bright as the rose-tints in the orient beaming.

Oh! if to meet on this our sin-stained earth,
Where parting tears perchance may flow again,
To such ecstatic thrills of joy give birth,
That we forget our bygone years of pain,
Can man portray the rapture of that time
When, with the angels and the Lord of glory,
We tune our harps in heaven's celestial clime,
And chant for aye redeeming love's sweet story?

LINES

TO MY FRIEND, MR. SCOTT, ON VISITING HIS NATIVE PLACE.

Thou art going again to thy boyhood's home,
To the land where thy fathers sleep;
Thou wilt sit beneath the hallowed dome
Of the little kirk—sweet thoughts will come
From the fountain of feeling deep.

Thou wilt trace the links of memory's chain,
Through the lapse of departed years;

And thy heart will feel the shock of pain,
For the loved thou mayst not see again—
They have gone from this world of tears.

But the little brook will murmur by,
And the flowers will be just as gay,
The grass as green, and as bright the sky,
As when first they caught thy laughing eye
In the dawn of thy childhood's day.

And thy hand will feel the grasp of love,
Warm friendship will greet thee there;
For more radiant than the stars above
Are the bright links affection wove,
Gemmed with the dew of prayer.

Each treasured scene's familiar still—
The humble peasant's cot,
The cattle grazing on the hill,
The heather-bank, the glassy rill,
Each fairy-haunted spot.

God bless thee, honored friend most dear,
God speed thee o'er the main;
Warm hearts will greet thy coming here,
Love breathes for thee the earnest prayer—
Dear friend, return again!

ADDRESS

WRITTEN FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC AT EAST CHATHAM.

Deep in the heart's remotest springs is joy,
Diffusing holy rays of lambent light
Through every heart in this umbrageous wood.
With the sweet minstrels of the sylvan shade,
We swell the song of gratitude and praise
To God, whose love these bright surroundings gave.
In the blest school that duly on each morn
Of holy Sabbath opes the welcome door,
The young may find celestial joys displayed,
God's amaranth joys that cannot fade or die.
The joys of earth that thrill with glad delight,
The noxious breath of morrow's woe may blight;
But not like these are the undying joys
That woo acceptance in your Sabbath-School.
Come, then, with hearts impressible and meek;
Come ere the flight of never-resting time
Tells the last day in life's revolving sphere.
Come in the dew-gemmed morn of early youth!
To God, who gave you being, give your hearts;
And, as ye toil o'er life's fatiguing way,
Gather the pearls of everlasting bliss,
And lay your treasure at the Saviour's feet.

The sun dispenses rosy light and warmth
On this glad morn, and through the leaf-clad trees
The gentle zephyr sings his matin song.

All things are vocal with Jehovah's praise.
This blithesome day is life's sweet episode,
And in the winter of the heart's dim age
Its memories sweet will, like a fragrant flower,
Bring back again the warm glad light of youth,
And cause the heart by care and grief bowed down
Buoyant to rise and live joy's moments o'er.

God prosper, then, these country Sabbath-Schools!
And every year may young lambs gathered be
In the good Shepherd's fold, the fold of Christ—
Participants of deathless Bible joys,
That shine so brightly on the living page.

"I DO NOT SEE THE ANGELS YET."

I cannot see them yet, mother—
The angels robed in white;
But I feel a blessed calm, mother;
I see a heavenly light.

I know the dazzling beauty
Of the dear Son of God;
Then I would not have you weep, mother,
When I go to his abode.

He wants your daughter now, mother,
To wear a crown above;
I shall see the angels then, mother,
And sing redeeming love.

I fondly love you all, mother,
Yet may not here abide;
There's a voice that calls me home, mother,—
A voice from the other side.

It warms this fainting heart, mother,
With vivid, heavenly ray.
Come, dear ones, kiss me for the last,
Then let me go away.

Be sure the angels bright, mother,
Will come down from on high,
To take me where the white-robed sing
Glory to God for aye.

THE FRIENDS' MEETING.

A holy heavenly light
Gladdens the dew-wet earth;
The silent flowers perfume the air,
Hushed is the cry of earthly care;
The blessed Sabbath's birth
Is ushered in with praise and prayer.

All nature seems to feel
A sense of peaceful rest,
And hearts in unison are still,
Waiting the Spirit's quickening thrill,
To kindle in the breast
Adoring love for God's dear will.

No ornament is here,
  No love of vain display;
The unpainted house is dear to God—
In humble hearts is his abode,
  Who sends the proud away,
But leads the meek up Zion's road.

A hallowed stillness reigns:
  Only the summer breeze
Floats softly through the sycamore,
Through maple trees close by the door,
  Down to the locust grove,
And seems to whisper—weep no more.

The solemn meeting ends:
  Then kindly greetings come,
And tender words fall soft and low,
Pure as the flakes of driven snow,
  For the dear ones at home
Would others' joys and sorrows know.

So part they all in peace:
  So may they meet in Heaven,
Where names are lost in perfect love—
Where all, as one, shall sweetly prove
  The bliss of sins forgiven,
The light of Jesus, Lord above.

TO MRS. A. FREAR,

WHO BEFRIENDED ME IN LIFE'S DARKEST HOUR.

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—MATTHEW, XXV. 40.

When all creation, trembling with dismay,
Hears the archangel's trumpet rend the skies,
When earth dissolves and heaven shall pass away,
And they that sleep arise;

Then myriad hosts shall shrinking stand before
The starry throne of God's eternal Son,
And angels tell their trespasses all o'er,
Noting them one by one.

In that black hour of awful dread dismay,
When hope dies out before the avenging rod,
To thee will Christ in soothing accents say,
Come to thy Father, God.

For I was naked, sick with doubts and fears—
Was hungry, fainting, weeping, all alone,
And thou didst wipe away my falling tears,
And make my woes thine own.

Welcome, thou blessed! To my kingdom come!
I saw thee cheer my long-afflicted child;
The poor had access to thy genial home—
I saw their joy and smiled.

In wondering love and deep humility
Thy soul will cry, I knew it not, my Lord!
"Thou didst it unto them; therefore to me
'Twas done. Take thy reward!"

I shall be there, thy witness in that hour,
And clasp thy hand, no more a homeless one—
No longer sightless in yon amaranth bower,
Where shines the light of love.

The Lamb's pure light, ineffable and sweet,
Will shine forever in the upper skies;
There the fair face of Christ be first to greet
My unclosed eyes.

All I have known of cruel wrongs and tears
Will be forgotten in that perfect rest;
And I may hope with thee, the friend of years,
Forever to be blest.

Not on the earth do holy deeds like thine
Find their reward; their record is above:
On Jesus' breast they have their fitting shrine,
These gems of heavenly love.

FAITH.

My bark is on a stormy sea,
  By rough winds tossed and driven;
Helpless, O God, I cry to thee!
My shield, my rock, my refuge be—
  My faith clings fast to Heaven.

Then, though I mount each billowy steep,
  Then, though life's bark be riven,
It cannot founder in the deep;
The changeless mercy will not sleep
  Of God who rules in Heaven.

I will not yield to dark despair:
  The cup his hand has given
I drink with patience, and declare
That joyfully his cross I bear,
  In hope of winning Heaven.

God has not sent one useless blow,
  One pang unneeded given;
For the redeemed must suffer so,
Must tread the thorny path below,
  To shine with Christ in Heaven.

Then bless, my soul, the chastening rod;
  In love each stroke is given,
To bring thee nearer to thy God,
And in the straight and narrow road
  To lead thee up to Heaven.

"COME, LET US GO TO JESUS."

[These were the last words of Mr. Sanford to his weeping wife.]

Come, let us go to Jesus!
  Forbear from tears of woe;
Come, let us go to Jesus—
  Why tarry here below?
I cannot go without thee,
  My darling wife, most dear,
My sunlight and my gladness—
  How can I leave thee here?

Come, let us go to Jesus;
  Or, if thou linger yet
A little longer in life's vale,
  Before its sun shall set,
Oh! lay thy heart resigned
  Low at our Father's feet,
And take with joy from his dear hand
  The bitter with the sweet.

I must go alone to Jesus!
  The chill, cold hand of death
Is on my brow—is on my heart—
  It stops my quivering breath.
Yet let me feel the pressure
  Of thy lips upon my brow,
And catch my last faint whisper,
  For I'm passing from thee now.

Come, follow me to Jesus!
I would not be alone;
There's a place for thee in Heaven
Before the great white throne.
Come, follow me to Jesus;
Come, swell the Saviour's song;
Come, follow me to Jesus;
Come, join the glittering throng.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MRS. H.

On the return of her daughter, who left her a bride, and after two years' absence came back, bringing her little child.

Thy brow was wreathed with love's sweet smiles,
Love's winning smiles of holy light;
Whose influence in the soul creates
A fount whose drops are ever bright;
And as I gazed on that dear brow,
I could not bear thee from my sight.

I watched thee from thy cradle hours,
The unfolding of each new-born grace,
That in thy soul celestial bloomed,
Or shed effulgence o'er thy face;
Then did I clasp thee once again,
In a long, tender, last embrace.

Then to the husband of thy choice,
Who wooed so lovingly my flower,

I gave thee with a mother's prayer—
That God would be thy shield and tower,
Would lead thee through life's devious ways,
And be thy comfort hour by hour.

Years have gone by on rosy wing;
I see my darling child once more—
But not alone—a prattler sweet
Is blithely gamboling on the floor;
And as I gaze in her dark eyes,
I seem to live life's young days o'er.

This tie more closely binds the links
Of tender love's unbroken chain.
'Twill brighten youth, 'twill gladden age,
'Twill sweeten joy and solace pain;
A new life to thy life is given,
A soul that cannot die again.

The sparkling drops of purest joy,
Well in my soul, as on the face
Of thy dear child entranced I gaze,
For there thy lineaments I trace;
A second Ellie greets the eye,
And wins the heart with artless grace.

Then welcome to thy childhood's home,
With the dear pledge our God has given;
The offspring of connubial bliss,
The bud thou mayst unfold for Heaven.
Oh! early in her soul implant
The holy precepts God has given.

SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

THEIR BIBLE.

We cannot look on the sunset ray,
As it fades from the western hills away;
Nor the moon, as she mirrors her silvery beam
On the mountain-top and the rippling stream;
Nor the golden stars of the dark, dark night,
As they cheer the world with their holy light—
But the Bible unfolds to the sightless eye
The fadeless light of Eternity.

When morning unveils her dappled light,
When the sun goes forth in splendor bright,
Gladdening the earth with his vivid ray,
Calling from slumber the new-born day,
Tingeing the flowers with his rosy hue
That late were kissed by the morning dew,
While charms so entrancing to sight are given,
Our Bible is whisp'ring of beauty in Heaven.

When nature rejoicing awakes from sleep,
She blends her song with the mighty deep,—
A song of praise to our Father above,
The Fountain of mercy, the Source of love—
Who calms every sorrow and soothes every sigh,
And shows by his goodness his presence is nigh—
He gives to the children of darkness and night
The day-star of glory—the Bible, their light.

Sweet message of comfort, dear treasure divine,
The pearl of humility gleams in each line.
There we learn how with meekness life's trials to bear,
How faith tunes the soul to the music of prayer;
The wide-spreading knowledge that brightens the age,
Dear Bible, we owe to thy life-giving page.
'Twas the soft voice of Jesus, with mercy combined,
That gave to our country these schools for the blind.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM EDWARD, WHO DIED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PARENTS' WEDDING-DAY, AFTER AN ILLNESS OF ONLY TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS—AGED 22 YEARS.

Love's golden harp, with rich mellifluous tones,
Vibrated sweetly on the charmed ear,
Till bright-eyed hope and dovelike peace serene
Harmonious blent in one entrancing swell:—
Unpitying Death this golden harp unstrung.
Oh! 'twas a time when pleasure's rosy hues
Reflected radiance on all gathered there;
For warm affections, circling in the soul,
Tinged with its light the swiftly passing hours,
When ruthless Death the sacred harp untuned,
Broke its sweet string and pierced a mother's heart.
A father wept o'er the still, lifeless form
Of the dear boy whose smile illumed his life—
Whose eye was brightest in the happy throng—
Whose tones were gayest in the halls of mirth.
But gentle thoughts, like Hermon's dew, embalmed

The hidden chambers of his secret soul;
His heart could feel another's bitter woe,
His hands relieve the sons of poverty.
Prized for his worth, his virtues lent a grace
To the pure pleasures of the social hearth.
A halo beauteous as the rosy morn
His memory left for loving friendship's gaze.
So bright, so joyous, and so well beloved,
His slightest tones seemed ever musical—
Seemed musical to a fond mother's heart,
Now stricken, bowed by grief's stern agony.
How desolate that lonely mother weeps,
As if her spirit had not strength to be!
O Jesus, hear her wild despairing cry!
Heal thou the wounds of her poor bleeding heart,
And give her strength to rest her hopes in thee—
On thee in faith, our Father and our God,
To see her child in radiant realms of light,
Beck'ning her upward to their dazzling gates.

ON THE BIRTH OF AGNES FREAR.

Welcome, sweet babe, to this world of ours,
To the smile of love and affection's kiss!
May hope thy pathway adorn with flowers,
And life to thee open a world of bliss;
Nor a shadow of doubt or sorrow come,
To dim the light of thy sunny home.

Choicest of heaven-sent treasures thou art;
Sunbeam of joy to thy father dear;

Rainbow of hope to thy mother's heart,
As she breathes o'er thy sleeping form a prayer—
"Our Father, I pray thee her guardian be!
The lamb thou hast sent me, oh! cherish for thee."

And thy aunt with her laughing face is near,
To catch the glance of thy bright blue eye,
To breathe soft words in thy tiny ear,
And kiss thy cheek as the moments fly—
Moments so laden with peace and joy
That they seem too pure for this world's alloy.

O Agnes dear, mayst thou live to prove
The comfort of hearts so devoted to thee,
To reflect the bright hues of a mother's love,
The solace and stay of thy father to be,
While the tones of love, ever gentle and clear,
Shall come like sweet music to gladden thine ear.

Then welcome, sweet babe, to this world of ours,
To the smile of love and affection's kiss!
May hope thy pathway deck with flowers,
And life to thee open a world of bliss;
Nor a shadow of doubt or sorrow come,
To dim the light of thy sunny home.

WELCOME

TO MR. S. B. HAINES AND FAMILY, ON THEIR RETURN FROM THEIR EUROPEAN TRAVELS, NOV. 6, 1875.

Rapturous thrills of warm emotion
Lift the soul with praise to God,
For the forms of love's devotion
Tread again their native sod.
From the land of fame and story,
From the ocean's lull and foam,
From the battle-fields once gory,
Welcome, dear ones—welcome home!

From the shrines where holy duty
Keeps the heart from growing cold;
From the scenes where art and beauty
New ecstatic sense unfold;
To the heart-warm deathless treasure
Of a love that cannot roam,
To the fireside's genial pleasure,
Welcome, dear ones—welcome home!

Oh! the peace that never slumbers,
Offspring of affection deep;
Oh! the love whose sacred numbers
Home-born memories fragrant keep;
These around your way were shining,
Glinting o'er the path ye've come;
Heart-flowers, wreaths of hope are twining,
Welcome, dear ones—welcome home!

For the tones of home are ever
Sweet, with kindly feelings fraught;
In the soul they make forever
Music on the harp of thought.
Oh! 'tis joy to know you're near me,
That again my steps may come
Where the good true-hearted cheer me,
Welcome, dear ones—welcome home!

FAREWELL TO THE OLD HOME!

RECITED ON ITS NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY, ST. LUKE'S DAY.

Dear ladies, and patrons, and friends of our Home,
And strangers who gather about us to-day,
With hearts tuned to charity's music ye've come,
Enriched with the perfume of sympathy's ray.
Ye've come, and your presence is dear to each heart,
Yet the notes of farewell I must warble to-day;
From this Home of our joy and our rest we must part,
Must leave the dear church that has long been our stay.

But our Pastor is faithful, our Pastor is true,
And the links of affection are holy and strong;
So I think the best thing in the world we can do
Is to pack up the Doctor and take him along.
A church to the glory of God will be there,
"The Beloved Disciple" its name, you must know;
Its walls will be vocal with praises and prayer,
And our Pastor will comfort the children of woe.

In the beautiful Home ye have reared for God's poor,
Will your names be the sunbeams that scintillate light;
Ye have patiently labored to open its door,
And have garnered the jewels our Lord will make bright.
In the Park when we ramble at noon or at eve,
We'll tell the dear Saviour the works of your love;
You will find 'twas more blessed to give than receive,
When ye stand in the Lamb-lighted presence above.

We go to our Home, when the glad voice of Spring
Shall call from their slumber the birds and the flowers;
Yet affection will linger on memory's wing,
To nestle round this, the old Home of bright hours.
Then come to us, patrons and strangers, we pray—
Come see how your love-deeds have brightened our sky;
Oh! give us a place in your mem'ry alway—
Dear friends of St. Luke's Home, God bless you—good-bye!

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child,
For all is desolate and drear;
The world is cheerless, cold, and dark,
And I am wandering homeless here:
Let me one ray of gladness see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child;
I know not where my footsteps tend—
I see no kindly hand outstretched,
Thy poor afflicted to befriend:
Let me one ray of sunshine see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child;
I'm wandering o'er life's thorny way,
Through gloomy thickets pressing on,
Without one golden beam of day:
Let me thy guiding finger see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child,
And I will walk by faith, not sight;
Look up to Christ, the meek and mild,
For gleams of holy, heavenly light:
Let me thy guiding finger see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child!
And, though no earthly home be given,
I'll meekly tread the tangled wild—
It is enough, my home is Heaven;
Only thy finger let me see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child;
Though scorned by men, oppressed and lone,
From out the depths my soul shall rise
Up to thy bright and glorious throne:

Let me thy guiding finger see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child
To cast on thee her every care,
By thy sweet peace and love beguiled
To live on earth thy life of prayer:
Let me thy guiding finger see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child,
As in thy wisdom seemeth best;
Mark out the way that she should go
Through the dire scenes of earth's unrest:
Let me thy guiding finger see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

Dear Heavenly Father, lead thy child
To glorify thy name on earth;
To suffer wrong with patience mild,
And humbly wait her heavenly birth:
It is enough, thy hand I see—
O Father, Father, lead thou me!

TO OUR SISTER IN HEAVEN.

Sister, we are sad without thee,
For thy smile was ever bright,
And thy voice was sweet with kindness,
And thy soul was full of light—

Light that shed its hues around thee,
Made each one more happy, blest;
Gentle words, like dew of Hermon,
Soothed the bleeding heart to rest.

When the cares of day are over,
When the golden sun has set,
And we meet for social converse,
There thy spirit lingers yet.

And we seem to hear thee speaking,
Start and gaze—thou art not here;
Gone to join our cherub darling
In a purer, holier sphere.

Sister, we would not recall thee
Back to sin-stained earth again,
Where is shed the tear of anguish,
Where is heard the moan of pain.

God, thy Saviour, saw thee fading,
Filled thy soul with trusting faith;
Glories radiant, smiles eternal,
Cheered the shadowy vale of death.

Life had many charms to win thee;
Loved by all, of spirit gay,
Friendship threw her magic round thee,
Strewed with flowers thy passing way.

Tears of sadness, sighs of sorrow,
Woke thy tenderest sympathy;
Sufferers on life's stormy ocean
Found a faithful friend in thee.

Hearts remembered keep thy memory,
As a fragrant lovely flower,
Nourished by the tears of friendship,
Gathers beauty, strength, and power.

Rest thee in thy Saviour's keeping,
Where our little darling's gone;
Swell the choral song of Heaven,
From the dear Redeemer's throne.

"WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW, BUT THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."

[These thoughts were suggested by a visit to a poor woman who had been confined to her bed for forty years.]

Not yet to thee will God all-glorious, wise,
And merciful, make his great purpose known;
But thou shalt see, with faith-illumined eyes,
How through much suffering his dear love was shown.

Now thou dost weep in untold agony,
Yet he is present in the midnight hour—
He who did sweat great drops of blood for thee,
And is the brightness of his Father's power.

Although the cross he lays upon thee now
A burden prove, his ways are ways of love;
Each pang shall be a jewel on thy brow,
When thou dost wear thy shining robe above.

Then thou shalt know why trials must be thine,
Why thou art helpless on thy sister's care;
And thou wilt bless thy Saviour, Lord divine,
That thou art worthy found his cross to bear.

THOUGHTS

FOR THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF LITTLE BESSIE.

"It is well."

She was so bright and beauteous,
So like a thing of light,
That the angels, bowing lowly
Before the throne of white,
Asked the dear Lord, our Saviour,
If to their native heaven,
Before the blight of sin
Her pure heart entered in,
This infant might be given.

And Jesus saw how closely
Love's tendrils round her clung,
Their idol and their worship,
So heavenly and so young;—
And he knew the bitter anguish
That would rend her parents' heart,
But he knew what wealth of love
Would garnered be above,
When this babe with earth should part;—

So he granted their petition:
And your darling, lost to sight,
Is resplendent with the glory
Of the Lamb's eternal light;
And when your hearts are ready,
When life's duties all are done,
Ye will know your daughter sweet,
As ye walk the golden street
Of the land beyond the sun.

TRUTH.

O glorious Truth, immortal Truth!
From the first dawn of early youth,
I loved thy bright celestial ray,
Whose radiance cheered my rayless way.

I seek thee in the night-time drear,
When golden stars illume the sphere;
I hail thee with the morning bright,
That robes the world in beauteous light.

Majestic Truth! for thy dear sake
Alone, my sad complaint I make;
Still sightless, homeless, wander I,
With none to heed the orphan's cry.

Beyond this dark and dismal night
I cannot see one ray of light;

Yet, Truth, where'er my steps may be,
I joy that I did cling to thee.

I would not throw away one gem
That sparkles in thy diadem,
For all the dazzling vain array
That tempting Falsehood can display.

Father in Heaven, with mercy mild
Look down and help thy sorrowing child;
The fears, the tears, are known to thee,
Of her who would Truth's martyr be.

CIDER'S REBELLION.

Seated around the social board,
With thoughts of naught but gladness,
When something chanced, oh! strange to tell,
It was so like to madness;
It popped, it hissed, it soared aloft,
Not on an angel's pinion;
It said, "I'll do a mighty thing,
I'll raise a great rebellion.

I'll make them from the table rise,
And run for clear cold water;
I'll make them for their dinner wait,
Each hungry son and daughter.

But Maggie's ribbon first I'll spoil,
The table-cloth beside her;
I'll leave my marks upon the wall,
Great things can do old cider!

I'll hiss, I'll whiss, but I'll not miss;
A thing I'll do so sly—
I'll make young Jimmy start and wince,
I'll hit him in the eye."
And so she effervesced away,—
Good Mrs. H., it tried her;
But to all scenes there comes an end,
So spent was poor old cider.

She's vanquished now, she's still and low,
As any mute creation;
Dead are the powers with which she meant
To agitate the nation.
Her boasted might was only gas,
All strength is now denied her;
I think they'll guard against the pranks
Of old rebellious cider.

WASHINGTON.

[In Irving's "Life of Washington" occur the words, "a ray of light was shining." This passage suggested the thoughts that follow.]

Hope faded, and the zealous glow
Of country's love seemed burning low;
And hostile armies, fierce and strong,
Swept the dark wilderness along—
One ray of light shone dimly on
The gloomy path of Washington.

'It nerved his soul with vigor new,
Hope danced athwart his darkened view;
The God of battles heard his prayer,
Glad victory crowned the Delaware.
What glorious deeds of valor bright
Sprung from a single ray of light!

He labored on still undismayed
With trusting heart, while overhead,
Through clouds of battle rolling dark,
He still beheld that sacred spark;
It lured him on, till splendor shone
On the bright path of Washington.

Exulting nations hailed its birth,
A new republic sprung to earth;
The tree of liberty rose high—
Its banner floated through the sky;

There brightly, gloriously shone
The sacred name of Washington.

'Neath its green branches millions rest;
Aye, from the north, east, south, and west,
Sons of oppression hail afar,
Beacon of hope, Columbia's star.
Where rolls the sea or sets the sun
There lives the fame of Washington.

Our Washington, dear honored name,
Of spotless life and deathless fame—
The Christian hero, meet to be
The champion of our liberty!
Ages unborn shall rise as one,
And hail our sire, our Washington.

A BRIDAL GREETING.

Joy to thee, Anna! the love-light is beaming,
The night is absorbed in the radiance of day;
The joys that surround thee are real, not seeming,
For the peace-star of beauty illumines the way.
Joy to thee, Anna! the love light is here.

Joy to thee, Anna! our hearts are now glowing
With purest affection, for thou art so dear;
And silent petitions around thee are flowing,
That thy life may be summer, be fragrant, be fair.
Joy to thee, Anna! affection is here.

Joy to thee, Henry! this day yields a pleasure
To hallow thy life, till its last fading even,
Thy heart has reposed in another its treasure,
And touched a sweet chord that must vibrate in Heaven.
Joy to thee, Henry! thy treasure is near.

Joy to thee, Henry! the heart's hidden flowers
That brighten thy life, will grow sweeter with time;
The dew-drops of soul are the soft April showers,
That make them more lovely through earth's varied clime.
Joy to thee, Henry! God's blessing is here.

Joy to thee, Anna, thy father, thy mother!
And joy to dear Lizzie, thy sister, and thee!
And joy to thy kindred, thy true-hearted brother!
Ye, loving and faithful, the future shall see;
Yes, joy, for the smile of our Father is here.

And joy, only joy, as ye glide o'er life's ocean!
May your sky be unclouded, your hearts unoppressed;
May each feel for other love's holiest devotion,
As ye go hand in hand sharing blessings and blest;
Yes, joy, happy pair, for God's blessing is here.

All joy to the friends who have come with love's greeting,
Where true hearts are blended in harmony's tide;
Yes, joy, for sweet echo the word is repeating,
So joy to the bridegroom, and joy to the bride!
Rejoice, all! Love's garland is woven to-day.

ON THE BAPTISM OF AN INFANT.

Made in the likeness of the living God,
  Heir of the glory that can never die,
Oh! may he walk life's rough and dangerous road
  Like one who journeys to a rest on high.

As holy prayer ascends for him to-day,
  So may thy prayers his consolation be;
As mystic drops now on his young brow fall,
  So may his life be one of purity.

The sacred cross is on his forehead made;
  Now he must battle for his risen Lord,
Stand in the ranks, fearless and undismayed,
  Armed with the power of his eternal word.

It must be sweet to fit on earth for heaven
  The soul made precious by its Saviour's death;
To give to God the life he thee has given,
  Ransomed, immortal, through the might of faith.

God bless thee in thy work of mother-love,
  Strengthen thy hands, sustain thy fainting heart;
When this dear babe has come to man's estate,
  Mayst thou behold him choose life's better part.

Then canst thou say with Simeon of old,
  "In heavenly peace I to my Lord can go,
Can leave my darling nestled 'neath his wing;
  It is enough—I ask no more to know."

Ask needed grace in humble, earnest prayer,
Then shalt thou reap the fruits of endless joy;
Angels will watch around his secret ways,
And thou may'st lead to Heaven and Christ thy boy.

FRIENDSHIP'S WELCOME

TO MR. AND MRS. SMYTHE, AND FAMILY, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Bright as the tints of the roseate morn,
Sweet as the dews by the flowerets borne,
Rich as the melody woodlarks bring
When they welcome the first warm blush of spring,
Are the feelings that move our hearts the while,
That kindle the warmth of affection's smile,
As we joyfully welcome from ocean's breast
The friends in whose bosom 'tis sweet to rest.

As they gazed on the beautiful works of art,
A whisper of home thrilled every heart;
As they climbed the Alpine heights sublime,
They heard the sweet music of early time;
As they marked the ruin of empire's might,
They thought of the banner all glorious and bright,
Now kissed by the breeze of Columbia's shore,
And longed for their star-lighted home once more.

Our thoughts flew far o'er the mighty deep,
And blended with theirs in their dreams of sleep;

We remembered the kindness that made life bright,
And asked our Father to give them light—
The light of hope and the light of joy—
The light of love that no time can cloy—
The light that beams from the world on high,
And hallows the hours as they pass by.

Oh! God may have heard these prayers of ours:
They've gathered the sweetest of earth's fair flowers;
He has brought them back to their kindred dear,
To the land of their birth, to the home of their prayer,—
And heart-smiles are wreathing our brows, as we come
To bid them thrice welcome to friends and home.
Of the incense of love that perfumes their way,
Is the welcome born that we bring to-day.

THE FLOWERS OF HOPE.

Hope's winning, soul-entrancing flowers,
Perfumed with breath of Heaven's own bowers,
She wreathes around thy heart, to tell
That she will guard thy young life well
From every noxious blast of woe;
And through the clouds, and through the snow,
That shroud life's boisterous waters dark,
Will safely guide thy fragile bark.

The waves shall sparkle in thy sight,
Like diamonds glittering in the light;

And all along the shore shall be
Sweet flowers that ope their charms for thee.
Perennial hues of bliss divine,
Perpetual, o'er thy path shall shine;
Sweet Hope these fairy gifts will bring,
And balm-drops on thy pillow fling.

Ecstatic thrills of joy most sweet
Thy heart at morn and eve shall greet,
And come to make their dwelling there,
And deck thy soul with flowers most rare;
And perfumed by their sacred breath,
Thy soul shall triumph e'en in death.
These flowerets bloom immortally,
The amaranths of eternity.

A NATION'S PRAYER.

To the Majesty on high,
Ruling ocean, earth, and sky,
Lo! the nation lifts its eye—
  God, we trust in thee!
Thou art Judge Supreme alone,
Justice gems thy glorious throne;
Make Columbia's cause thine own—
  God, we trust in thee!

Oh! let sacred peace once more,
Beam on North and Southern shore,
As in blessed days of yore—
  God, we trust in thee!

Thou from discord peace canst bring,
And our hearts' deep sorrowing
Change to joy's exultant spring;
God, we trust in thee!

When sweet freedom's banner bright
Floats in morning's dappled light
O'er the starry eyes of night,
Then our song shall be—
Glory to the King above,
Who in mercy's changeless love
Bade our land his wisdom prove!
God, all praise to thee!

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE ALBERT,

WHO, IN OUR NATIONAL CRISIS, PUT FORTH THE HAND OF FRATERNAL LOVE, AND AVERTED THE NECESSITY OF CONFLICT WITH OUR MOTHERLAND. "BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS, FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD."

In the dark time when tears were raining
Down furrowed cheek, from youth's soft eye,—
When mother's love poured sad complaining
O'er her fair boy, too young to die,—
When widows lost their staff, their all,
When Hope was wrapped in night's black pall,—

Thy words were freighted with a blessing,
For they were God's and born of Heaven;
The cloud our nation's heart oppressing
Was lifted, and the light was given.

Can we forget thee in the hour
Of strength increased, of mightier power?

No! with the great and good we treasure,
  Embalmed shall be thy memory;
Our souls will glow with livelier pleasure,
  Kindled by loving thoughts of thee;
Columbia's children from afar
Will link thy name with freedom's star.

When Commerce, over ocean sailing,
  Sees thrift and honors multiply,
And earth's great nations join in hailing
  Our flag that proudly floats on high;
When joy, prosperity, and peace,
In every clime and land increase;—

Then will thy name be wreathed with flowers—
  The flowers of faith, and hope, and love—
To hallow grateful memory's hours,
  And lift the soul to Heaven above.
The Saviour's amaranths on high,
Are these sweet flowers that never die.

TO MRS. WILLIAM LEE,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF MANY MONTHS.

Welcome, dear one, from a foreign shore,
To husband, children, and home, once more!
Welcome to hearts that have pined for thee,
To joy that waits where thy steps will be!

And welcome, oh! welcome again to hear
Thy soul's sweet music, my mother dear;
'Tis a solace sweet for every pain
To clasp thine own to thy heart again.

The richest boon by our Father given
Is a happy home—'tis a taste of Heaven:
That coveted bliss is thine to-day—
Welcome to Home, where thy love holds sway.

And oh! may thy life unshadowed be,
Bright as the sunbeam that gilds the sea!
As thy voice and kindness to me were sweet,
So may the angels thy coming greet.

When thy soul shall sigh for its purer home,
When life's march is over, thy dear lips dumb,
As thou wast a sunbeam on earth to me,
So Christ to his glory will welcome thee.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers, ye've come
  Like heavenly voices sweet,
Like seraphs from the Saviour's throne,
  My lonely heart to greet.

Ye whisper of that home
  Whose day knows never night,
Where fadeless flowers in beauty bloom,
  And skies are ever bright.

Ye woo my soul to prayer
With fragrant breath of love,
And teach me, while I linger here,
My father's will to prove.

God bless thee for these flowers!
Mayst thou remembered be,
When Christ shall gather in his own
Where gleams the jasper sea.

The Power of Faith.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In times remote, in that picturesque land
Where Wallace the brave led a warrior band,
And the gallant Bruce fell at Bannockburn,
Inscribing forever on memory's urn
The laurels of glory that wreath his name,
And left to fair Scotland undying fame;

In those mountains drear where the torrents fall,
And echoes reply to the shepherd's call,
Where children look down on the crystal loch,
Or play with the lambs of their fathers' flock;
In that land renowned for its lays and tales,
The Bible is honored and truth prevails.

In years gone by, this most beautiful land
Was desolate made by a ruthless band,
Who murdered the old, the young, and the fair,
For their hearts were hardened to beauty's prayer;
And children turned pale in their merry play,
When they saw the robbers pass by that way.

On the mountain's crest, in the flowery vale,
By the murmuring rill in the verdant dale,

The loftiest castle with mote and tower
Must yield its wealth to the ruffian's power;
And hearts stood silent and trembled with fear,
While panic and terror reigned everywhere.

The mansions and castles deserted were;
Men gathered in cities, for only there
Could the loved ones that circled about them rest—
Could the babe repose on its mother's breast,
And quietly sleep through the dark night still,
Secure from the fear of approaching ill.

On the pleasant Clyde, whose waters so long
Have been the theme of the poet's song;
Where the primrose and hawthorn bloom in spring;
Where black-bird and robin responsive sing,
And the heather-clad hills stretch far away,
Just touched by the light of advancing day;

All stately and tall rose a castle bright,
Its battlements bathed in the early light.
And here long ago did a warrior stand,
His battle-axe grasped with sinewy hand,
While his keen eye watched for the coming foe,
Like shadows gliding through forests below.

But the helmeted chief had passed away;
The proudest, the noblest, must turn to clay:
The heir of his prowess, wealth, and pride,
Had given himself to the Crucified.
The glitter of heraldry tempted his sight;
He heeded it not, for a purer light

Had entered his soul and his purpose changed.
No more from the poor was his soul estranged;
His children he led to their humble cot,
And taught them to gladden the lowly lot;
Led them by noble example to be
Like Jesus, who wept at Gethsemane.

The buckler and sword, that hung in the hall,
The cuirass and spear that gleamed on the wall,
Were displaced, and pictures of Jesus' death,
Of his life of love, of his works of faith,
Serenely looked down on the lifted eye,
And spoke of Jehovah who reigned on high.

Through the tapestried rooms and galleries dim,
At eventide floated the Christian's hymn;
The chapel was opened, all gathered there
To join with the master in praise and prayer;
The old Romish rites and symbols were gone—
No priest at the altar, but Christ alone.

In this grand castle by the Clyde,
Whose vast domains stretched far and wide,
This man of God, this chieftain's heir,
Dwelt with his wife and daughters fair—
Maggie and Annie, who each day
Scattered rich blessings in their way.

With flaxen curls and eyes of blue,
Maggie was graceful, fond, and true;

Her presence, like some radiant star,
Diffused a steady light afar,
And brightened all things where she came,
Till like sweet music was her name.

Annie had hazel eyes, whose glance,
If lighted up with joy perchance,
Threw a sweet witchery of grace
Into her young and beaming face;
Her ringlets were of darkest brown,
Waving from head and shoulders down.

When winter's bright transparent vail
Dissolved, and spring's more genial gale
Swept through the mountains and the hills,
O'er meadows green and gurgling rills,
And birds were chirping to the breeze
That softly murmured in the trees,—

Annie and Maggie, hand in hand,
While flowers were dotting all the land,
And the soft gush of woodland song
Floated through forest depths along,
Went forth, for oh! they loved to rove
Through the sweet paths of Elfin Grove.

"Maggie," said Annie, "should I die
Before the rest, to Heaven I'll fly
On angel wings. Then, sister dear,
Among the flowers oh! lay me here;
The birds will sing, and you will come,
But I shall be with God at home."

Her arms around her Maggie threw,
And closer to her sister drew:
She kissed her, crying bitterly,
"Dear Annie, do not go from me!
For oh! I could not come alone,
To Elfin Grove, if you were gone.

"I could not read, I could not play,
Dear Annie, if you went away;
And mother's heart would overflow
With the great burden of her woe;
The house would be so drear and lone,
So desolate, if you were gone!"

"But listen, sister; when I stand
Among the angels, in that land
Where Jesus reigns, and father's eye
Beholds his daughter safe on high,
I'll tell the Saviour how you grieve,
And beg him give an angel leave

"To come, on wings of glorious light,
Down to this world, and cheer your sight,
And tell what lovely flowers are given
To children, when they go to Heaven,
And how we touch our harps, and sing
Glory to God, our Saviour king."

Before the beauteous Summer passed,—
Before chill Autumn's withering blast
Swept moaning down the mountain-side,—
Before the last sweet rose had died,—

While blue-bells nodded to the breeze,
And birds were singing in the trees,—

Angels looked down where Annie played
With Maggie 'neath the willow's shade,
And whispered lovingly and low,
"Child, Jesus calls thee, wilt thou go,
Be folded on his breast to lie,
The heir of glory in the sky?"

Her hazel eyes, so mild and meek,
Were filled with joy, and on her cheek
Dawned a soft smile; it seemed to say,
"Yes, angels, I will go away.
I love my mother, Maggie dear,—
Yet oh! I would not linger here."

One morn, when glorious in his might
The sun reflected golden light
O'er mountain, valley, island, sea,
And nature poured harmoniously
A thrilling song of grateful praise
To the eternal Source of days,—

Maggie, with heavy heart and brain,
Was watching by a bed of pain;
For prostrate there, with failing breath,
Sweet Annie languished unto death.
How bright without, that glorious day!
How dark within, the shadows lay!

Her weeping mother bowed her head,
And softly to her daughter said,

"I pray in faith it may not be!
God will not take my child from me,
But in his pitying mercy spare
My darling to her mother's prayer."

"O mother, mother, do not cry!
It is not death for me to die.
Angels are bending over me,
And whispering I shall Jesus see.
Mother, I cannot longer stay;
My Saviour calls—I must obey."

Soft as the latest sigh of even,
Her spirit faded into Heaven;
But left a perfume where she trod,
A halo, for she pleased her God:
In humble faith, so good and mild,
She followed Christ—a little child.

Among the flowers in Elfin Grove
They laid the darling of their love.
The birds sang blithely overhead,
But they were weeping round the dead;
Not in despair, as those who had
No hope, no balm in Gilead.

Oft Maggie read her Bible there,
And breathed to God her evening prayer;
She loved the fragrant flowers whose bloom
Was scattered round her sister's tomb,
And watched them tenderly each day,
Till rough winds blew their leaves away.

Years rolled away: love's tears were vain,
For earth returned to earth again.
Maggie was motherless, and left
Of every earthly care bereft;
Yet not alone—the wings of God
Outspread where'er the orphan trod.

Through infancy, through childhood, youth,
And womanhood, celestial truth
Developed in her soul, and shone
With holy radiance not its own;
The Spirit came from God above,
And Jesus sealed her with his love.

When outrage, violence, and wrong
Swept, like a maelstrom fierce and strong,
Through Scotia's land, and stout hearts quailed,
And e'en the cheek of manhood paled;
When all were warned without delay
To flee to some safe place away;

Bible in hand, to Elfin Grove,
Where slept the sister of her love,
Maggie went down, and wept, and prayed,
O'er the green grave where she was laid:
"Ah! friends and servants, blame me not—
I cannot leave this hallowed spot!

"In the dark night, unseen, alone,
While fitfully the wild winds moan,

I hither come, to know the will
Of God, who loves and leads me still.
And yet I'd leave my Annie's grave
Rather than tempt his power to save.

"Close with life's fibres interwove
Is the deep love of Elfin Grove.
For Annie's sake, faith's blessed ray
Illumes my soul, doubt dies away;
Though dead to all the world but me,
Annie, I will not go from thee!"

The aged servants of the hall
Assembled at their lady's call.
The book was opened, and they heard
A word of comfort from the Lord:
"I will not leave you comfortless,
In the dark hour of your distress.

"Only remember—watch and pray,
And cast your burdens every day
On Me; I know your utmost need,
And will your faltering footsteps lead,
Through hidden dangers, worldly snares,
Suffering and death, to endless years."

Devoutly kneeled they all in prayer,
Implored their father's watchful care,
To shield them from the ruffian's power,
To be their hope, their strength, their tower;
To give them grace his will to prove
By patient trust and ardent love.

Dread silence reigned. Her eyes of blue
Were moistened by the heart's warm dew,
As with sad look fair Maggie said:
"My faithful servants, I have prayed
My Heavenly Father's will to know—
Whether 'tis best to stay or go.

"Here from my childhood's earliest day
I've loved—I've wept; I'm growing gray.
My treasured ones are sleeping here,
And memory holds this place most dear;
Oh! something whispers I must stay,
I cannot tear myself away!

"But life is precious; why should ye
Hazard the gift of God for me?
No, faithful servants, true and good,
I would not keep you if I could.
Go—in the city walls abide;
I will as now your food provide."

Weeping, they fondly gathered near:
"Dear lady, send us not from here.
We saw our pious master die,
Your mother follow to the sky,
And gentle Annie pass away;
O lady, lady, let us stay!"

The day was done; only the light
Of the pale moon rose on the night,

And shimmered o'er the restless wave,
Then stooped to kiss sweet Annie's grave;
Maggie, her daily duties done,
Sat reading pensively alone.

Under the bed she saw a glare,
Like a wild tiger's from his lair,
Watching her candle's flickering light;
Her heart's blood curdled at the sight;
She durst not move, she durst not cry,
Or servant call—that were to die.

She closer drew the stand, where lay
Her holy Bible; (day by day
Had she recourse to its sweet voice,
To strengthen faith and hope rejoice);
Then read aloud the sacred page,
Replete with life for every age.

How in the plenitude of love,
Down from his radiant throne above,
  The only Son of God
To fallen man in pity came,
And humbly bore a lowly name,
  Endured the smiter's rod.

How lamblike and how patiently
He bowed in lone Gethsemane,
  Hung on the cross and died;
How radiantly redemption's light
Shines on a world where all was night,
  Through Christ the Crucified.

And in a solemn earnest prayer,
To him whose kind benignant ear
  Hears every mortal plaint,
She begged for strength, for trusting faith,
For grace to suffer life or death,
  To pray and not to faint.

"Father," she said, "this wandering band
That plunders, desolates the land,
  Let them their error see.
Forgive and bless them, gracious Lord!
To them thy mercy sweet accord,
  And lead them unto thee.

"Oh! send salvation's light abroad
On every soul that knows not God,
  Wandering in sin's dark ways;
Let crime and plunder, murder, cease,
Till all mankind abide in peace,
  And prayers be changed to praise!"

She ceased, and trustful as a child
Lay down; and lo! the angels smiled,
And bore in triumph through the air
A heaven-sent answer to her prayer.
The faith reflected from her soul
Held the bold robber in control.

And thus he spoke: "Dismiss thy fear,
I will not harm a single hair.
I came to plunder, kill perchance;
Oh! hadst thou feared my stealthy glance,

Hadst called for aid, or oped the door,
Thy heart had never fluttered more.

"Thou didst not ask that vengeful ire
Of God would burn us with its fire;
Nor that the civil arm might rend
From us all power, and none befriend;
That justice would refuse to spare
The ruffian who was deaf to prayer."

"But thou didst pray so earnestly
That God would bring us all to see
How we are wandering from him now,—
Bring us before his throne to bow,
And taste the wealth of pardoning love,
Redeeming grace and comfort prove."

"These are the precepts Jesus taught;
I do but practice what I ought.
For all men sin and go astray,
And need repentance every day;
We merit God's avenging rod,
But mercy find through Jesus' blood."

"In all my wanderings far and near
'Twas not my happy lot to hear
This holy book. Lady, through thee
First came these blessed words to me."
He kissed her hand: "Thy prayer of faith
Will lead me in another path."

"The glory," she replied, "is due
To God—he only can renew

The heart deep dyed in passion's strife,
And fit thee for a holier life.
Ask pardon; grace and love are given,
For art thou not the heir of Heaven?"

He softly blew; a silvery sound
Floated to all the heights around,
And quickly from the sheltered wood
His banded men before him stood.
"All's well," he cried, "for treasure bright
Ye dreamed not of, is mine to-night."

They thought of gems and stores of gold
Their greedy eyes would soon behold;
But calling them, their leader strode
His flying steed, and onward rode.

Years passed, and God vouchsafed again
His Holy Spirit unto men,
Quickening hearts to sin a prey,
And calling them from guilt away,
Teaching the reckless lip to raise
Ecstatic notes of grateful praise.

'Mong others, Maggie rose to tell
How God protects and guards so well
Those he has chosen for his own,
Who walk by living faith alone;
Who know not doubt, dismay, or fear,
But like young children trust his care.

How through the prayer of earnest faith
The hand was stayed that threatened death;
How clouds of darkness rolled away,
The son of crime beheld the day;
The robber's soul was taught to see
That Jesus died for such as he.

She ceased, and one of noble mien
Said, "I was actor in that scene!
I am that man—my sinful heart
Has found, through Christ, the better part;
That prayer was as a torchlight given,
To show my soul the way to Heaven.

"Those men of crime, of sin and shame,
I've taught to hope in Jesus' name;
The wronged, the lonely, and oppressed,
I've pointed to a holier rest."
His gray locks trembled in the air,
His eyes were closed in silent prayer.

The mountain robber, fierce and wild,
By grace made humble as a child,
Rejoicing, penitent, and meek,
While grateful tears rolled down his cheek,
Saluted her whose words of love
First taught his lips in prayer to move.

O Faith, if we but knew thy power,
We would not languish in the hour
When all is wrapped in deepest gloom,
When hope lies buried in the tomb;

We would not yield to dark despair,
But live by thee and trust in prayer.

If wronged or suffering, poor, unknown,
Thou tread'st with bleeding feet alone
Life's rugged way—when shines no star,
No faint light gleaming from afar,—
If faith within thy soul be born,
'Twill brighten as the glorious morn.

For faith forbids all fear, all dread,
All anxious thought for daily bread;
And knows the everlasting arm
Will shield from dire distress and harm,
And lead us in the path he trod—
The dying Lamb—the son of God.

MY SONGSTER.

One day, while trying to concentrate my thoughts on an interesting subject, the singing of my little bird, of which I am very fond, won my attention, and prompted the following lines:—

Thou call'st me from ambition's dream,
From thoughts that wear the taint of earth,
From fancy's bright and airy beam,
To hear thy song of artless mirth.

Thy song of mirth, O joyous bird,
Breaks with Aurora's gushing light,
Is with the sigh of evening heard,
When veils the sun his radiance bright.

I sometimes deem that thou hast flown
With birds in amaranthine bowers,
And caught their melody of tone
To cheer this lonely world of ours.

Love dwells for thee in every flower,
In fertile vale and gurgling rill;
On zephyr's breath, in sorrow's hour,
It sheds a perfume round thee still.

Then call me from ambition's dream,
From thoughts that wear the taint of earth,
From fancy's bright and airy beam—
I love thy song of artless mirth.

THE ANGELS' GIFT.

When beauteous earth from chaos sprung,
And day's all-glorious lamp was hung,
Man, in the likeness of his God,
The new-made earth with gladness trod.

Angels, adoring, fold their wings,
And ask the eternal King of kings,
"What boon most dear to us in Heaven
May to the new-born race be given?"

Harmonious through the angelic throng
An anthem rose—echoed the song
Unnumbered worlds; and flower-decked earth,
And mighty ocean, hailed its birth.

Rapturous they said: "Music is given
To win the sons of men to Heaven,
To cheer the desolate when drear,
And steal from grief its burning tear.

"The patriot's love of country strong
Will kindle with his native song;
Virtue, religion, shed afar
Their influence 'neath sweet music's star.

"Emotions soft and pure shall rise,
Like holiest incense, to the skies;
Sweet thoughts around the wanderer come,
If music cheered his boyhood's home.

"At eve, when day's receding light
Melts in the depths of gentler night,
Then music to the realms above
Shall waft the strains of grateful love."

Angels, for this, your glorious boon,
Our hearts Jehovah's praises tune;
For music to the blind is *light*,
Their beauty's hue, and lustre of their night.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I ask not the wreath that decketh the brow
Of the son of martial fame;
'Tis darkly dyed with the widow's woe,
And the orphan's tear is the radiant glow
Of the laurels that grace his name.
But I ask a spirit humbly meek,
The contrite sigh and the tear-wet cheek.

Too deeply fraught is ambition's dream
With the heart's unrest and the tearful eye;
The glittering baubles that erst would seem
Life's rarest gems, but a moment gleam,
And as passing vapor die.
I ask—to brighten my lowly lot—
All-glorious faith, for it fadeth not.

I ask not the magic of wealth, to knit
My earth-born soul more closely here;

Each pleasure lost, as it lingers yet
On the heart's sad string, is a sigh of regret,
That leaveth it darkly drear.
My soul, attuned to Thy praise alone,
Shall come with the morn and the night's low moan.

I am lingering here, but a beam of light
Is luring me hence. I go to my home,
To bask in the radiance of glory bright.
No more, unheeded, the child of night
Through forest and wild shall roam.
I am going home to yon dear abode;
I am going home to my Father—God.

WOOED AND WON.

WOOED.

I come with the moonlight, my own love, to thee,
To bask with the stars in the glance of thine eye.
I've longed for the close of this beautiful day,
Though the sweet birds were singing their soft roundelay.
Fly not, like the fawn, from thy lover afar,
Thou day-dream of beauty, thou ever-bright star.
Turn not from thy suppliant; O dearest, be mine;
I ask, I implore, on the banks of the Rhine.

WON.

I've won the sweet blossom that bloomed in the vale,
And the voices of music float by on the gale.

With rapture unbounded my heart is elate,
And I ask not of fortune a happier fate.
Oh exquisite transport! oh blissful delight!
The clouds of suspense have rolled by in a night;
And with purest effulgence for ever will shine
The jewel I've won on the banks of the Rhine.

HOPE.

I've floated o'er earth on a beam of light,
As the fire-fly shines in the darkest night;
I've kissed the flowers bespangled with dew,
Then soared aloft to my home of blue.
On a golden beam, through a fairy bower,
I have sought in vain for a fadeless flower;
Its hue must be bright as a seraph's wings,
When he basks in the smile of the King of kings;
Its fragrance pure as the light above
That beams from the brow of the God of love.
I sought on that lovely sea-girt shore,
Where science and wisdom were blent of yore,
Where, sportive as birds in their leafy bowers,
Young children were twining the earliest flowers;
Yet their sires were groaning with anguish keen,
On each manly cheek was the tear-drop seen,
And lone by that shore, where the Grecian wave
Was dashing its spray, stood a chieftain brave.
His people were slaves, and their galling chain
Was rending his soul. Shall it suffer in vain?

I sought to solace his anguish deep,
And encourage his heart that he should not weep;
And he said, as I whispered: "My arm is strong:
Unconscious of might, I have wept too long;
My land shall be free as the mountain air,
And the tyrant be crushed in his hideous lair."
But his generous soul with revenge grew dark,
And I wept, though I quenched not its kindling spark.

Where the happy were wrapped in their visions of love,
And the sky-lamps were gemming the azure above,
On the downy breath of the sportive breeze
That murmured all night 'mid the leaf-clad trees,
I was gently borne to a chamber lone,
Where the midnight lamp o'er a scholar shone,
The offspring of genius, whose every thought
With fancy and feeling was richly fraught.
But a dream of ambition was lurking there,
And I turned with a sigh to a scene more fair,
Where the perfume sweet o'er my senses stole:
'Twas the balm of peace to the anguished soul;
It breathed from a flower, a lovely thing
That bloomed in the heart's most sacred spring.
Then the trophy-clad seraphs around me came;
Their harps of glory were sounding its name:
'Twas blessed Beneficence, spotless and mild,
And I hailed it immortal with joys undefiled.
In an amaranth wreath for the brow of the kind,
It is twined by the orphan, the mute, and the blind;
And it blooms ever fair as the star of even,
Though drooping and sad with the tear-drops of heaven.

SONG OF THE "NEW YEAR."

From the ice-bound realms of the North afar,
To cheer the earth as a meteor star,
I come, for pleasure awaits me here,
And they welcome with music the glad New Year.

To scatter the roseate beams of joy,
And young hopes pure from the dark alloy
Of sorrow deep and the burning tear:
Oh! they shall not sadden the bright New Year.

But virtue puissant and truth shall shine,
Ennobling the soul with their breath divine;
The diamond of faith and the dew-drops of prayer
Shall hallow my footsteps—the bright New Year.

On the radiant pinions of light above,
I've soared for the balm of unfeigned love;
The holy have sanctioned my mission rare,
And angels are blessing the bright New Year.

They shall not weep as before they've wept,
Where the star-lighted visions of hope had slept,
And the heart, bowed down in its mute despair,
Sighed, mournfully sighed, to the closing year;

Though the earth may be clad in its robe of white,
And the once green trees be muffled and dight
In snow-wreaths and ice, while the wind's low moan
Is singing the dirge of the Old Year gone,

I've slept in the breast of an amaranth flower,
In the crystal drop of an April shower;
From a moon-lit beam, in a star-gemmed sky,
I've looked on the earth as I floated by.

The fragrant blossoms of love must be
On the leafy boughs of a fadeless tree;
I come to scatter these blossoms fair,
While kindness illumines the bright New Year.

I've sung to the morn with the dappled light,
And the beauteous tints of the rainbow bright,
To unnumbered worlds in their high career,
Through regions of space—sung the bright New Year.

Now, singing, I come to the children of earth,
And with rapture they echo my carol of mirth;
And the mourner's sigh and the orphan's tear
Shall cease with the dawn of the bright New Year.

THE INDIAN WIDOW'S DREAM.

[A lady one day, when walking down to the river, saw an Indian woman weaving moccasins, who told her she had dreamed, the night previous, that her husband (who had lately died) was cold and hungry in the hunting-grounds; and she was loading a light raft with food and clothing to send up the river to the Spirit Land, doubting not that it would reach its destination in safety.]

I dreamed of my warrior. He stood alone
By the ice-bound streams where the deer roams wild;
The rushing winds, with hollow moan,
Were rocking the trees like a little child.

He wandered on through that forest dim,
  He was cold and sad, and his heart was sore;
No wigwam fire burned bright for him,
  No evening meal when the hunt was o'er.
The birds sang not in that far-off land,
  Nor came young Spring with her early flowers;
By hunger was weakened that powerful hand
  Whose stroke was death in this land of ours.
His eye was dark, but the lightning's fire
  Would kindle there when the war-cry came;
And the sons of the forest, with looks of ire,
  Would gather as one at Mehopac's name,
From valley green and rock-bound hill,
  From mountains high, where the antelopes rest,
And the screaming eagle foreboded ill,
  As she folded her wings round her young ones' nest.
But his voice was low as the curling wave
  That laves the shore where my baby sleeps:
A lover fond and a warrior brave
  Is my hunter dear; but—he weeps! he weeps!
For the snow is cold and his feet are bare,
  And he dreams of me and his darling boy.
If the Great Spirit answers the mourner's prayer,
  His heart shall be thrilling with only joy.

With arrowy speed o'er the waters dark,
  With early fruits and the dew-gemmed flowers,
And its burden of love, flew that little bark,
  With tears impearled, from her greenwood bowers.

WHY I DO NOT DRINK.

[Written by request, in answer to a piece of an opposite character which appeared in a city journal.]

I drink not—for the soul of man,
In God's own image made,
Should shun the withering glance of shame,
And triumph undismayed:
For oh! it is a godlike grace,
Integrity of soul;
It cheers us with a brighter charm
Than gilds the flowing bowl.

I drink not—for the dovelike tones
Of children greet mine ears;
I think on vows of nuptial love,
Baptized in hallowed tears.
The golden threads by angels woven,
That hearts together link,
Are sundered by the touch of sin—
That's why I will not drink.

I drink not—though life's devious paths
Be oft perplexed and dark,
And shoals of care and reefs of wrong
Wreck many a fragile bark.
Watching the polar star of hope,
My life's sure compass mine,
Fearless I breast the howling storm,
But shun the tempting wine.

I drink not—though a woman's scorn
Should fling its keenest dart,
Or quench the hopes of loving years,
And desolate my heart,
Friends cease to smile, and all the wells
Of sympathy dry up,
Though ne'er a star should light my way,
Yet taste I not the cup.

I drink not—in the soul of man
Blooms many a precious flower,
And languid misery longs to breathe
Their fragrance and their power.
The deeds within his virtue's scope
Inspire my soul to think
That soul's an embryon for Heaven—
And so I will not drink.

THE PATRIARCH'S LAST HOURS.

"And he worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff."
—HEBREWS, xi. 21.

The sun, resplendent, o'er the eastern sky
Diffused the brilliance of his morning smile;
The bald, black mountains in that smile rejoiced,
With sweetest flowers that bloomed around their base,
And nature from her dormant state awoke,
Reanimate with strength and vigor new.
Men rose, the paths of honest toil to tread,
Or love omniscient and supreme survey
In every charm that decked the orient vale.

Tears, from the hidden fountains of the soul—
Earth's bitterest tears—were falling silently,
As, with bowed heads and reverential air,
The patriarchs fondly gathered round the bed
That held the form of Israel, their sire.
And childhood, with its artless smile of glee
And loving heart and bird-like voice, was there,
And wistful gazed up to a father's face,
And read—enigma strange!—dire sorrow's lines.
Wooed by the breeze of love, the young ones laughed,
Nor knew that tears were sorrow's tracery.
So the gazelle, 'mid far Judea's hills,
In flowery haunts by fond affection kept,
Frolics unconscious of a world of grief.

The sun of Goshen glowed o'er tent and field,
And, dazzling, seemed to mock the patriarchs' woe.
Yet, ah! when anguish racks the human soul,
And jars the strings affection's hand hath tuned,
Till discord harsh grates on the weary sense,
The heart heeds not the thrilling tones of joy,
The smile of peace, or voice of gladdening hope.

Now Israel's eye with lengthening days was dim;
For threescore years and ten, with restless step,
The earth he trod, felt mingled joy and grief.
His dim eye kindled with prophetic fire,
As, leaning on his staff, he worshipped God.
The hidden glories of the latter day
Shone through the vista of unnumbered years,
And the Redeemer's everlasting arms
[illegible]stained his soul. He saw Immanuel's birth.

The wand of peace his guardian angel waved,
And Jacob's spirit with his fathers slept.
The sunset ray waned on the mountain top,
Kissed the still wave, and faded in the West.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Alice, do you remember
  How bright life's morning seemed,
When, through the glass of fancy,
  The light of pleasure beamed?
How, like a transient meteor,
  Those happy moments passed—
The golden hours of childhood,
  That could not, would not last?

Alice, do you remember
  Our Sabbath-school so dear?
The precepts, fraught with mercy,
  That won each listening ear?
How, in God's temple kneeling,
  With contrite hearts, we said
The sacred prayers together—
  The sacred lessons read?

Alice, do you remember
  The parting tears that wet
Cheeks of the loved, who fain
  Would linger with us yet?

Now, each through life so lonely
Must take her separate way,
And grief or joy alternate
Will lend its shade or ray.

The path we've trod is rugged;
For grief's most poignant dart
Hath pierced, with shaft unerring,
Each young and trusting heart;
Yet let us bear it meekly,
Our lot of suffering here,
Till faith's celestial morrow
Shall dry the mourner's tear.

REST ON THE ROCK.

I dreamed; and my mother stood by me. I was weeping; she said: "Cynthia! do not weep. *Rest on the Rock.* Christ is the Rock! Rest thou on Him."

'T is midnight. Now, in slumber lost,
They dream the passing hours away;
I only wake, and memory's lamp
Lights up her pure and hallowed ray

That burned in days of innocence,
Made holy by a mother's prayer;
Days sacred to affection's birth,
For oh! a mother's smile was there.

But she has gone, and since that time
How many clouds have frowned above
The skies, so tranquil and serene
When guarded by maternal love!

One night—oh, 'twas a pleasing dream!—
I looked upon my mother dear;
The melody of that sweet voice
Fell, as of old, upon mine ear.

"Weep not, my child, though thou art left
Alone, life's thorny way to tread;
Rest on the Rock! and Christ shall be
A pillow to thy sinking head.

"Rest on the Rock! Christ is the Rock
Of Ages; be thy refuge there!"
Then to the realms of light she flew,
And left upon my cheek a tear.

"Rest on the Rock!" Those precious words
The safeguard of my life shall be:
Let me not fall, when lured to sin—
Oh! aid me, Christ, to rest on thee!

NO MORE—NO MORE!

Tranquil and holy was the Sabbath eve.
The dying rays of crimson light had flung
Their parting greeting to the summer flowers,
Then veiled their beauty in the shades of heaven.
Oh! 't was an hour for contemplation high,
When the rapt soul on holy things might feast,
And hold communion with the Great Supreme.
On the soft breeze that stirred each leafy spray,
Like angel music, came the voice of prayer;
For God's own people in the temple met,
To pay their homage at his Son's dear feet.
Angelic peace seemed brooding o'er the scene,
Stamping her impress on each living thing.

How suddenly is beauty changed to grief!
The azure sky with lurid flames grew bright,
And hurried steps and words of anxious dread
Broke on the ear like echo's mournful tones.
The flames rolled high, the crackling timbers fell;
Dome, roof, and wall in burning ruin sank,
And that fair house shall glad the eye *no more*.

There found the heart by sorrowing sin oppressed
All-glorious faith to dissipate its gloom;
The white-haired man, the widow desolate,
And young hearts glowing with the light of hope,
All knelt to bless a common Saviour there.
The dear old bell, whose well-known voice was heard
At life's bright dawning and its sunset hour,

With one vibration, long and loud, last fell.
How seemed that thrilling tone to say, Farewell!
I shall ring no more on your festive day,
When merry and blithe your children play,
When joy lights up in the matron's eye,
And the shadows of pleasure are flitting by.
My story is told, and my time is o'er,
Ye shall hear my voice no more—*no more!*
With tear-dimmed eyes, and hearts bowed down in grief,
They heard the last sad sound—*No more—No more!*

THE KEY OF CONTENT.

The sun rose up resplendently bright,
And pencilled the ocean and earth with light;
The rivulets laughed in the glance of day,
And the birds were singing from spray to spray.

The fields were yellow with ripening grain,
And the voice of the reaper was heard again;
Joy ruled the blithe morning, with beauties besprent,
And I asked why a daughter of earth should lament.

Then came the answering voice of the flowers:
"Anon will she weep in this world of ours;
She will weep, for the golden hues of bliss
Melt away like the dew on the sunbeam's kiss."

"Mid your flowery deeps so fragrant and blessed,
Oh! may not her sorrows be soothed to rest?"
As the flowers shook their heads, they perfumed the air,
And mournfully answered, "Not here—not here."

O'er the rustic bridge of a brawling brook,
That wound its way through a shady nook,
And a cedar grove, I passed to find
The balm of peace for the wounded mind.

A mansion arose on the distant height,
With its glittering dome in the sun's warm light;
Its forest trees in their peaceful shade
Embosomed a fountain, that warbled and played
With the silken flowers. Oh! so sweetly fair
Was that calm retreat from a world of care.

Yet a lady stood on the portico,
And mournfully gazed on the scene below;
Her brow was sad, and she breathed in sighs,
And tears welled up in her hazel eyes.

I deemed not that death's Cimmerian gloom
Had cast its shade o'er her beauty's bloom;
But the tyrant with stealthy step had come,
And broken her heart, and robbed her home.
There lurked not the gleam of one blessed smile,
To lighten her lips and her woes to beguile.

Then I turned my steps to an old elm wood,
By the noisy mill, where a cottage stood;
There daughters of poverty held their abode,
Who bade me come in and partake of their food.

Though I thought of the mansion all mantled in gloom,
I still found the cotters' a beggarly doom,

Since few of earth's blessings to them had been given;
But they answered, "Our wealth is with Jesus in heaven,
Where jewels are graces that garnish the blest,
Afar from this world with its griefs and unrest."

And the aged matron arose and took
From its little stand a holy book:
"Here gather," she cried, "faith, hope, and love,
To fit thy soul for its home above."

Each fingered page seemed a lamp of light,
A beacon of hope to the child of night.
Here, here let the sorrowing soul find rest,
'T is the balm of peace for the bleeding breast;
Her rock of strength is the book of God,
Her guiding star to his dear abode.

FATHERLAND.

DEDICATED TO MR. A. REIFF, MUSIC-TEACHER IN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

There is a charm all holy and pure,
  That comes o'er my soul when, at eve's soft hour,
I think of the land where in gladness I dwelt,
  When my spirits were buoyant in childhood's green bower.
My heart-strings cling round thee, thou bright land of glee—
Oh! I cannot forget thee, beloved Germany.

'T was pleasant, when radiant with stars looked the sky,
And the peasant from toil to his cottage would come,
With my brother to roam o'er the mountains afar,
And hear the last echo of "Home, sweet home."
'T is rapture to bless thee, thou bright land of glee—
Oh! I cannot forget thee, beloved Germany.

Thou fair land of science, the poet's own theme,
How oft would thy music, with charm all divine,
Entrance my glad spirit with joy not its own!
The strains seemed of heaven, that rolled o'er the Rhine.
Thou home of sweet music—O bright land of glee!
How could I forget thee, beloved Germany?

I dwell in a land where the olive branch sheds
Its unction and glory, its peace-lighted smile,
And the friends of my bosom are blessing my name,
And the sweet strains of music my lone hours beguile;
Yet o'er my calm spirit come bright thoughts of thee—
Oh! I sigh to behold thee, beloved Germany.

Perchance I may greet thee, dear land of my heart;
In gladness roam over thy mountains again,
And view the bright scenes by my infancy loved,
And hear the sweet voice of my brother again.
In the sunset of life, ere my spirit is free,
My last breath shall bless thee, beloved Germany.

THE PASSOVER.

Through the still air the hallelujah rose,
And, like the sound of many waters sweet,
On the charmed ear of the lone Christian fell.
Great Judah's heart with her high theme was stirred,
For holy recollections thronged the soul,
And woke dead hope, and kindled zeal anew
To swell the glories of the paschal day.

Centuries have rolled their tide of years away,
Yet to their fathers' faith the children cling,
Still weeping, praying for a brighter day,
When Shiloh's presence shall the earth illume,
And barren deserts bloom as Sharon's vale.

Do dark eyes kindle with devotion's fire,
Or holy tears some aged cheek bedew?
I see them not, and yet I dream 't is so.
Father of love, oh! hear thy people's prayer,
Who in suspense untold are languishing,
For these are thine. When shall the day-star rise,
And Israel know e'en now Messiah reigns,
And own our Christ the mighty King of kings?

WHEN THE CARES OF DAY ARE OVER.

When the cares of day are over,
And the young, contending, hover
Round their reverend sire;
When the latest bird of even
Sings its farewell lay to heaven,
Friendship tunes her lyre.

From the depths of soul upspringing,
Tender memory, fragrance flinging,
Halcyon days brings back;
Happy hours that pass too fleetly,
Throng with love's own music sweetly
Round life's thorny track.

In the dim, dim twilight kneeling,
When the tide of holy feeling
Gusheth up to God,
May our thoughts, like sunbeams blending,
In one mutual prayer ascending,
Reach his dear abode.

Love hath found a fragrant blossom;
May it in thy gentle bosom
Ever sweetly bloom:
Loving eyes of friendship smiling,
Every earth-born care beguiling,
Cheer life's passing noon.

As the red light fading, fading,
Leaves a holier calm pervading
All the peaceful earth,
So may gentle words oft spoken—
Holy deeds—a blessed token
Leave of priceless worth.

THE VOICE OF FLOWERS.

The voice of flowers is the voice of prayer,
Soothing the soul in its time of care;
The voice of flowers is the voice of love,
Luring the soul to its rest above.

The voice of flowers, like a glistening star,
Beguiles the wandering one afar,
Through regions of space to life's blessed streams,
Where the Lamb's pure glory eternally gleams.

The voice of flowers hath a silvery tone,
Winning poor sinners to mercy's throne;
And we bend the knee as the notes of praise
Attune our souls to seraphic lays.

The voice of flowers is the old man's friend,
For it sings how the journey of life shall end;
The voice of flowers to the youth can bring
The sunshine of truth in his blooming spring.

The voice of flowers, in the hour of death,
With faultless music and fragrant breath,
A whispering angel of mercy, shall come,
Wooing the soul to its holier home.

WE MEET AGAIN.

We meet again! Since last we met,
How many loved have passed away;
How many golden suns have set,
Yet left a bright and cheering ray!

We meet again! But not in tears,
For friendship's pure immortal chain
Hath linked the past of many years,
And wreathed the flowers of joy again.

We meet again! And pleasure's light
Hath wooed you, with its magic smile
Of more than rainbow's beauty bright,
Lulling to sleep each care the while.

We meet again! Your voices dear
With love's own music greet me now;
Grief hath not left a darkening tear
Or shadow on one youthful brow.

THE END.